

Reminiscences and incidents of "the early days" of San Francisco by John H. Brown; actual experience of an eye-witness, from 1845 to 1850

REMINISCENCES AND INCIDENTS,

OF

“THE EARLY DAYS”

OF

San Francisco,

BY

JOHN H. BROWN,

ACTUAL EXPERIENCE OF AN EYE-WITNESS, FROM 1845 TO 1850.

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By JOHN H. BROWN,

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September 28th, 1885. Mr. J. H. Brown,

My Dear Sir:

I saw in the Call of the 20th inst., with much surprise and pleasure, that you were still in the scene of our early acquaintance and still well and vigorous. Also, that you contemplated putting your early adventures into print. I trust you will not forget to send me a copy, and that you will include the ludicrous incidents of the fall and winter of 1846 in the old City Hotel. If I were nearer than three thousand miles I might assist your recollection of those old times.

I am the New York correspondent of the Call and Bulletin, the special telegraphic news daily sent to those papers is my contribution to the press of our whilom "Yerba Buena." There is enough material extant relating to the days of '46 to make a good sized and very readable book. Hope you will make it go

With old-time regards and good wishes.

Yours truly,

Edward Kemble,

[*The boy-editor of the old "California Star."*]

In introducing myself to the Public, I wish to say that I was born in the City of Exeter, Devenshire, England. While still very young, I left home to serve as an apprentice to my Uncle, on the packet ship "England." I ran away after the third trip, and shipped for Havana, going thence to Philadelphia; which ended my sea-faring life. From Philadelphia, I went to New York, where I remained a few months, then started for the West, going as far as Cincinnati. Leaving the latter place, to make my home among the Cherokees, the day after General Harrison; on his way to the Presidential Chair, left Pittsburg on the new steamer called the "Ben. Franklin." I remained with

the Cherokees until May, 1843, when I started for California, arriving in the winter of the same year.

Having read at various times, the history of California, and especially that of the City of San Francisco, and knowing the same or portions of the same to be misrepresented, owing, no doubt, to the fact that most of the information contained therein, was received more from hearsay than actual experience. I conceived the idea of giving my readers, a true history of the city, as well as I can recollect it, after a lapse of nearly forty years.

My book can hardly be called a history, but rather a book of reminiscences and incidents of early days, which, no doubt some of my friends will remember; and hoping that this book of mine will meet the eyes of many who were my friends in the early days of California,

I remain,

Yours respectfully,

JOHN H. BROWN.

CHAPTER I.

It was in the year 1843, that in company with a party of traders, I left the Cherokee Nation, for the purpose of purchasing skins and furs of the Indians of the different tribes, and to barter for anything else that offered itself in the way of trade. This was my third trip in the mountains, and the trading business being good that year, we secured many more furs than usual. When we reached Fort Bridger, we left what furs we had, and went farther north. Here, we found winter coming on. The weather was very cold, as there had already been a slight fall of snow. This was in the month of October. We determined to return to Fort Bridger; but, finding it impossible, made for Fort Hall, belonging to the Hudson Bay company, where we hoped to remain during the winter.

Upon our arrival however, Factor Grant, who had command of the Fort, informed us, that we could not stay there, as there were already a larger number than could be accommodated; and, unless the

weather moderated, they would be short of provisions themselves. We remained several days at Fort Hall, where we succeeded in making some horse trades. During our stay, a person arrived by the name of Greenwood, who was accompanied by a boy, whom he called his son.

Upon asking him what he considered the best course for us to take, he advised us, by all means, to go to California; giving us all the necessary directions for doing so, and accompanying us himself, as far as Hooters Damm, where he left us, after repeating his directions as to our route, etc. The first few days we traveled very slowly, until we reached Steep Holler, where the weather moderated somewhat, and we made better time, the rest of the way. We reached our winter quarters, which were located upon the land, afterwards known as Johnson's Ranch, about the last of November. Game of all kinds was plentiful, beef of little market value, and as we had a good supply of parched corn and flour on hand, we were sufficiently provided with provisions to last all winter. We had been camping about three months, when one day, very much to our surprise, two persons came into camp, from whom we learned, that there was a whole settlement, at a place called Sutter's Fort, where we could obtain supplies or anything else that we required. It pleased us all to hear that we were so near a settlement, and we all wanted to go down to Sutter's Fort: but our Captain would not permit us to do so, and finally decided the matter by writing each man's name on a slip of paper, his own among the rest, and, placing the slips in a hat, remarked, "that the parties bearing the first six names drawn should go to the Fort, while the rest were to remain to guard the camp." When the result of the lottery was known, there was a general Hurrah! throughout the camp, and never before nor since, was such an excitement known, even at a Democratic Election. This was the first election, of any kind, that had ever been held in this section of the country, and there never was a happier lot of delegates sent to a Presidential Convention, than these six men, whose lot it was, to go to Sutter's Fort. All that was needed to make the jubilee complete was fireworks, but pistols and rifles answered the purpose very well.

The party were gone about three days; and on their return, brought all necessary supplies, and spoke in the highest terms of Captain Sutter and his treatment of them, he having refused to take any pay for the goods purchased, and even urged them to take more. We remained in camp until the month of April 1844, when we once more resumed our travels. We had only been out a few

days, when we encountered very bad weather, in the shape of a snow-storm, which obliged us to camp for several days, thus retarding our progress somewhat. At this point in our journey, three of our party wished to return direct to California; but, as we were only fourteen in number, Captain Cody would not allow them to do so, it being necessary to retain sufficient help to aid in carrying the large quantity of furs home, that had been left stored at Fort Bridger. However, one man by the name of Mackintosh went back. He was a Cherokee, and came from Grand River, in the Cherokee Nation.

The furs at Fort Bridger had been left in charge of a man belonging to St. Louis, by the name of Rubedure. There were three men in the mountains, bearing this name, all of whom were brothers. As soon as the weather moderated we resumed our journey to Fort Hall; but, do the best we could, our progress was slow, as the water in the streams was very high, and in some cases almost impassable. We remained three or four days at Fort Hall, then started once more for Fort Bridger. On this part of our route we made excellent time, travelling at the rate of forty miles per day. At Fort Bridger, we made a stay of ten days, then once more resumed our order of march; this time having Fort Laramie in view as our destination. These three places mentioned being the only houses or forts located in the large section of country between Missouri California and Oregon.

When two weeks out, we met a large company of people en-route for Oregon, with whom we had a short conversation, in which we endeavored to persuade them to go to California, but without success. Several days later, we came across another party, while in camp; and stayed with them over night, also accepting their kind invitation to supper. After supper we built a large camp-fire, around which we all sat, and we told our new friends what we had seen of California, of the richness of its soil and the fine pastures in the winter season. They would scarcely believe all we told them, but seemed facinated with our stories nevertheless. They said they had heard of California before, but had no idea of the beauty and wealth of the country. Captain Cody, while at Sutter's Fort, had made minute inquiries about the country, and consequently could give them all the information they desired or needed. He also took many of the names of the party; and, as nearly as I can remember, some of them were as follows: Grandpa Murphy, and his two married sons, one of whom had a large family of children, and afterwards lived and died near the town of Santa

Clara, being better known, as ‘‘Santa Clara Murphy.’’ The other brother, Jim Murphy, and wife went to San Rafael, where they lived on Captain Cooper's ranch, upon which the State's Prison now stands. Besides the two already mentioned, there were, I think, three more sons and one daughter, who afterwards married a man named Charles Weaver. The rest of the party were John Sullivan, his brother and sister, and a family by the name of Martin, whom I afterwards met in San Rafael.

On separating from this party the next morning, we left the main traveled road, and did not return to it again for several days, and when we did, the first thing we saw in the distance, was a large party on their way to Oregon, as we supposed, but they were too far away for us to have any communication with them, and they must have failed even to hear the report of our rifles, when we saluted them, as they took no notice of us. Changing our course somewhat at this point, we traveled in a southerly direction in order to reach the Osage country, as it was called in those days, the name having since been changed to Kansas. From the latter place we went to Grand River, which at that time divided the Cherokee Nation from the Osage country, going thence to the Illinois River in the Cherokee Nation, where we arrived in the month of August, 1844.

During our stay here, a number of murders were committed, and Anderson Lawrey, the Chief of Police, appointed Captain Cody in command of a large company of volunteers, for the purpose of bringing the criminals to justice. Three men known as the Starr boys, were suspected of having committed the crimes, and in order to get on their track as soon as possible, we started at once for Fort Gibson, of which Colonel Mason was the commander, and General Butler the agent for the Cherokee Nation, to obtain permission to travel through the country occupied by the Choctaw and Chickasaw Nations. The permission was accorded us readily enough, and crossing the Red River we were soon in Texas. Here we had a light fall of snow, and the Starr boys to put us off the track, changed their horses' shoes, by putting the heel to the toe, thus leading us to suppose, that they had returned instead of going ahead; but our Captain was well up to their movements, and on the following morning, just at the break of day, we saw the smoke of their camp-fire at a distance. We were at once ordered to dismount, and leaving four men on guard, started for their camp, and succeeded in taking them completely by surprise. We found two of the men already in their saddles, while Tewey Starr was in the act of mounting his horse, when sixteen bullets,

perforated his miserable body. It seemed as if every man's aim had been directed at him, as he was considered much the worse of the three. We carried him to Fort Washitaw and placed him in the hospital there. We remained at the Fort about ten days, being entirely out of provisions; but upon making application for a supply of the same, to the commanding officer of the First United States Dragoons, Colonel Fontireau who commanded the troops at Fort Washitaw, we received all that we required. About eight days after our arrival, the physician informed Tewey Starr, that he could not possibly live twenty-four hours, and told him if he wanted to make a confession, he would advise him to send for Captain Cody. He did so, and confessed the following murders in which he had been an accomplice, but he would not give the names of his companions in crime.

The first crime he confessed to, was the brutal murder of one entire family at Kane Hill, Arkansas. This murder attracted considerable attention at the time, as three innocent men said to have committed the crime, suffered the penalty attached thereto by hanging, while the real criminals escaped. The next victim, was a horse-jockey, supposed to have considerable money in his possession; only two dollars was found upon his person however at the time of the murder. A lawyer named Campbell, a partner of Paschal, and a resident of Van Busen was the next victim to their insatiable appetite for blood. This latter crime being followed by the atrocious murder of two men, their wives and three children, all of whom lived in the Cherokee Nation, near the Grand River.

The Starr boys were accused of many other murders, of which no positive proof could be brought against them. Tewey Starr lived but a short time, after making his confession, dying at midnight, after five days of the most intense suffering. After resting a while longer at the Fort, we started after the two other outlaws, travelling through the country for about two weeks without finding any trace of them, and as winter was coming on, and the weather bad, we started for the Cherokee Nation to remain during the winter months. A few days later, some of our party, (married men) left for their homes. On their way hither, they were overtaken by certain friends of the Starr boys, who had vowed to be revenged upon the parties who had assisted in hunting them down, and were murdered in cold blood. One man named Six Killer, an Indian, was literally cut to pieces. Anderson Lawrie and myself were shot at several times, while going from the Council grounds to his house, and it

was a mere matter of chance that we did not share the same fate as our companions. I was advised to leave the Cherokee Nation, or remain at the risk of my life, as the Starr boys had themselves sworn vengeance upon all who came in their way. Three of our party were murdered, after I left the country.

In the early part of April, I went to Missouri for the purpose of joining a company of emigrants who were bound for Oregon or California. I traveled with a family named Martin, who went to Oregon. The hardships we endured, and the dangers we encountered were enough to appall the stoutest heart, and to try the patience of a saint. Three days after leaving Missouri, the company decided to elect a Pilot. There were two candidates for the position, named Meeks and Brown. Meeks, who ran as the poor man's pilot, and only charged two dollars and a half per day for each wagon, succeeded in obtaining the largest number of votes, and consequently was elected to the position. He proved to be a very poor one however, and led us through a great many rough places. A few days after the election Meeks took unto himself a wife, the marriage ceremony being performed by a Baptist Minister, who formed one of our party; and, whom at the time we had an excellent opinion of. Our troubles now commenced, and while crossing the mountains, it was difficult for even the best of us to keep our tempers' under control, as everything seemed to go wrong. I will give an illustration of some of the difficulties with which we had to contend, placing us, as they often did in positions of great danger.

In crossing a certain river filled with large rocks, which could only be avoided by going out of the regular track, and even then one was not always successful in doing so, a certain family which was composed of the father and mother and three daughters, were so unfortunate as to have their wagon upset. At the time of the accident the wagon was driven by a hired man, the father having gone ahead of the party. The women would all have been drowned if we had not gone immediately to their assistance, as the father lost his presence of mind entirely, and instead of making an effort to release them from their perilous position, he stood upon the bank of the river, praying that God would forgive all his past sins and help him to rescue his loved ones from a watery grave. After a

great deal of hard work, we succeeded at last in righting the wagon and bringing it and the women ashore, where we made the latter as comfortable as our circumstances would permit.

The next incident, of any interest to my readers, occurred while crossing a swamp. The Indians had here constructed a crossing, which upon our testing it proved to be a regular trap in which we lost some of our cattle. It was made by driving stakes into the ground, the outer ends of which were sharpened. The whole being covered with brush to give it a substantial appearance, and was, to say the least, a very ingenious device on the part of the Indians to procure a good supply of meat, with very little trouble to themselves; as the cattle in walking over the crossing would be sure to lose their footing and fall upon the sharpened stakes with such force as to kill them. One of our party however, exhibited as much cunning as our enemies had, and taking some strychnine, which he happened to have with him, he returned to the crossing, which had proved so disastrous to us, and poisoned all the meat which had been left behind. The next morning after our wagons were under way, a party of us took our rifles and hid in the brush, watching for an opportunity to square our accounts with the Indians. We found about eighteen of them encamped near the spot where the accident had occurred. They had partaken very freely of the meat, and were in great glee over the success of their trick, and manifested their joy by dancing around the spot where the beef lay. But their joy was of short duration, for the poison began to have its effect upon them, and ere many minutes passed the whole company were en-route for those happy hunting grounds from whence no warrior e'er returns.

Crossing the mountains in early days was quite an undertaking, and in a number of places the gulches were so steep, that we had to chop down trees and chain them to the hind axle-trees, rough lock the hind wheels, and even put two or three men upon the tree to keep the wagon from going over on the cattle. We thought these roads pretty bad, but after leaving Fort Hall they were much worse. In many places, we had to take the wagons down by hand, while in others, we found we were absolutely obliged to build a road before we could proceed any farther. Sometimes by hitching ten or twelve oxen to a team we managed, after a hard struggle, to get out of some of the steepest gulches.

Well may the Murphy company be called the “Pioneers of California,” as no one, at this late day, can form an idea of the difficulties and hardships attending travel across the Continent, at the period of which we write. Very often we would find the roads so obstructed by fallen trees, logs, etc., which took so much time and labor to remove, that some days we would only make five miles progress on our way. I had made the journey twice on horseback, when it seemed comparatively easy to get through; but when we attempted the same task with wagons it proved to be quite a different undertaking. We arrived at Sutter's Fort in the month of October. Our company at this time consisted of the following named persons, all of whom were accompanied by their families: Messrs. Elliott, Christie, Hyde, Dingle, Skinner and Guickby. The mother and brother of the latter; together with George McDougall, William Blackburn, Jack Snyder, two men by the name of Bristol and Williams, and a family named Kennedy left their teams and went ahead of us on horseback. Mr. Knight whose wagon with all its contents had been burned while in the mountains, also accompanied them. I remained at the Fort a few days hoping to find some employment; nothing offered itself however, and when Mr. Skinner proposed that we should go to San Francisco, I at once decided to do so. We traveled on horseback until we reached Martinez, where we procured a boat and crossed the bay to Saucelito, going at once to Captain Richardson's place. Upon our leaving the latter place for Yerba Buena, as it was called in those days, Captain Richardson put us across the bay in his boat.

The first person I met in San Francisco, was a Mr. Thompson, who had formerly had a blacksmith shop in the Cherokee Nation, and of course we were much surprised and pleased at meeting each other in California. I made his house my home while in San Francisco, but I had not been there very long, before I came to the conclusion that my chances for securing employment of any kind, were very poor. There was one small general merchandise store in the place, one billiardroom and one liquor saloon; the latter having just opened by my friend in partnership with another man. They promised me if their business improved, that they would pay me ten dollars per month together with my board and washing if I chose to stay and work for them. Skinner and I talked the matter over and came to the conclusion that we could do better elsewhere, Accordingly when spring arrived, he left for Oregon and tried to induce me to accompany him, but without success. We had both been

to very little expense on our trip to San Francisco, and had nothing to complain of in that respect, having only spent twenty-five cents each. Upon my return to Sutter's Fort, Captain Sutter offered me a position as Mandador or Overseer of the cook-house and butcher-shop, I was to receive fifty dollars per month for my services, and had two Indians to do the work in the kitchen, also two boys who acted as stewards. I found I had a difficult task to perform, as the persons around the Fort had been in the habit of doing pretty much as they pleased, and helped themselves freely to anything that they wished. The first thing I did upon taking charge of affairs, was to post the following notice on the door: "No body allowed to take anything from here without permission.

I remember one person in particular, named Kennedy, who caused me considerable annoyance. He came into the kitchen, one day, where I was busily engaged preparing dinner and was in the act of helping himself to some of the good things, intended especially for the Captain's table, when I called upon him to desist, threatening to punish him if he did not. He persisted however, and had just made a grab at the things, when I struck him over the head with the frying-pan with such force, as to break the bottom out of the pan, and he ran off with the rim of it around his neck, shouting "murder! murder!" I held on to the handle as long as I could, but was finally obliged to let go. Kennedy soon returned armed with a rifle, and declared that he would shoot me at sight; but a good friend of mine, Grove Cook by name, here came to my assistance, and informed Kennedy, that unless he left in double-quick time, he would be very likely to forfeit his life, which threat seemed to alarm him considerably, as I was never afterwards troubled by him again.

Nearly all the trades were represented at the Fort, and I will here give a short account of the business of the place: The Bakery in connection with the Fort, was in charge of George Davis. My friend, Grove Cook run the Distillery and a man named Montgomery did good work as a Gunsmith, while Tom and Jim Smith served respectively as shoemaker and farm-overseer. Santa Clara Murphy (before alluded too) and his son were farm hands. The Tannery was in charge of a German, whose name I do not recollect. Stevens and Neil attended to the Black-smithing, which was carried on in all its branches. One man named Bonner who in company with his wife and children had arrived at the Fort in 1845, professed to be a Cooper by trade, and on the strength of his assertions, Captain Sutter purchased a large quantity of oak wood for the manufacture of tubs, casks, buckets,

etc. Bonner, however, proved to be thoroughly dishonest, for after getting in debt to the Captain for provisions alone amounting to two hundred dollars, he suddenly made up his mind that his family would be benefited by a change of climate and one day in spring they quietly took their departure for Oregon, leaving the Captain to whistle for his money. Captain Sutter had many such persons to deal with, and I will give one more instance, to illustrate the manner in which some unscrupulous people manoeuvre in order to get ahead and acquire property: There lived quite close to the Fort a man named Percy Macomb, whom Captain Sutter employed to attend to his stock, paying him for his labor by giving him a few head of cattle. Unbeknown to the Captain, Macomb branded a lot of the calves with his own mark, so that in two years time his cattle showed an increase of three-fold. To obviate this difficulty and do away with all chance for dishonesty the Captain, on the following year, made a bargain with Macomb, in which he agreed to find the necessary horses, herdsmen and pasture and give Macomb one-quarter of the increase, at the time of branding the cattle, provided he would promise not to steal any of the calves, Upon reaching home and informing Major Bidwell of the contract, the latter told him he must have been crazy to make such a bargain. Captain Sutter replied that he had come to the conclusion that it was the best thing he could do, as last year Macomb had taken one-third of the calves, while now he could only legally claim one-quarter, and as far as he could see, he thought he should be gainer by this arrangement. In the latter part of November, 1845, Major Bidwell one day informed me that he expected General Castro with his escort to dine at the Fort, and he wished me to prepare the best meal the Fort could produce, as both he and Captain Sutter wished to receive the General with all the honors due him. An order was issued to have the bell rung and the cannon fired as a salute, the moment General Castro and party appeared in sight. The only man at the Fort who would agree to fire the salute was “old Jimmy” (as he was called by us all), who had served his time on board a Man of War. The firing of the first salute was followed by strange results, the cannon going clear through the adobe wall as if impelled by some force over which it had no control, while “old Jimmy” found himself in the same unaccountable manner upon the opposite side of the wall to where he had been standing. Fortunately he was unhurt, and upon picking himself up, he declared he would never fire a salute again from Captain Sutter's cannon, if all the Generals in Mexico should come to the Fort.

In the latter part of December I received a letter from Finch and Thompson, before alluded too in my trip to Yerba Buena, saying that they would give me a situation and pay me ten dollars per month, if I would return to San Francisco. I gave Captain Sutter notice of my intention to leave, and he immediately offered to raise my wages and to also give me the deed to a small farm, if I would consent to remain with him one year longer. I told him, however, that no money could induce me to stay, as I was fully determined to go back to Yerba Buena. He thereupon called in Major Bidwell and we had a settlement of our accounts. The amount due me was sixty dollars. All I received was a passage to Yerba Buena; a plug of tobacco and a bottle of the Fort whiskey. Major Bidwell, at this time was trying to raise sufficient money to build a school-house, and he asked me to contribute something toward the school fund, and I gave him the balance of my wages. There was considerable work to do about that time. All the men employed at the Fort were furnished with three meals a day, and in addition to this, provision had to be made for transient visitors, of whom there were a good many. Then there were about thirty or forty Indians, who were fed upon the refuse of bread, etc., which was prepared like mush and poured into large troughs where they ate it like hogs, making two fingers serve the purpose of a spoon, and in this manner they would eat until the trough was entirely empty.

A few days later Captain Sutter dispatched a whaleboat to Yerba Buena, in charge of William Swazey who had orders to return to the Fort as soon as possible if he met Captain Leidsoff and Hinckley. Cooper and myself accompanied him as passengers. When out about two hours, we stopped at a landing on the river, owned by a German named Schwartz. While here, a boat hove in sight, having Hinckley and Leidsoff on board. Swazey therefore returned with them to the Fort, as ordered, while Cooper and I remained at Schwartz's place. We had been there about two days, when the schooner from the Fort arrived, and upon boarding it, we were greatly surprised to find Captain Fremont occupying the cabin, while below in the hold, where we took up our quarters, were Ressay and McCune, two of Fremont's men, and Tom Smith the shoemaker at Fort Sutter. Our quarters were necessarily rather cramped while on board the boat, but we managed to get along quite comfortably. In order to build a fire on which to prepare our food, we took a large box, and filled it with sand, on the top of which we could make a fire with perfect safety. Our progress was

rather slow as we depended on the tides to make our way down. Sometimes when we were not making much headway, we would go ashore and kill a fine buck and cook it. We offered to share the game we shot with Captain Fremont but his generosity was not appreciated, as he declined to accept of it, without giving us even a civil word in return. After a journey of two days length we finally reached Yerba Buena, and I will now give a short sketch of the early history of the place, dating from January 10th, 1846. There were no streets in those days, but in order to locate the people and their houses in a more satisfactory manner, I will call the streets by the names which they now bear.

There were but two white ladies in the town at this time.

Among the early residents of the place may be numbered Mr. John C. Davis, an Englishman by birth, and ship carpenter by trade, who with his wife (a daughter of Mr. Yundt, an extensive farmer at Napa) and his two daughters, occupied a house on Washington street, together with two men named John Ross and Cheno Reynolds; both of whom were unmarried, the former being a Scotchman and the latter an Englishman. These two mentioned were also ship carpenters and were in partnership with Davis, who afterwards lived and died in Napa. Alexander Forbes, his wife and three children lived on Montgomery street, near the corner of Clay, in a house built by Jacob Leese, afterwards sold by the Hudson Bay Company, to William M. Howard, together with four fifty vara lots, located on Montgomery, Clay and Sacramento streets. Robert T. Ridley, an Englishman by birth, and married, kept the Villiard Saloon. Captain Voight and family occupied a house on the corner of Sacramento and Kearny streets. The Captain was a Surveyor as well as a sea-faring man, and owned two fifty vara lots on Clay street, one on Sacramento street, and one, one hundred vara on Kearny street. Jacob Fuller, an Englishman, who followed the occupations of both butcher and cook; owned two fifty varas on Sacramento and Kearny streets, on which were two houses and an adobe brick oven. One of the houses he occupied with his family, the other had a store in it, kept by Captain Leidsoff a native of the Isle of St. Thomas. William C. Hinckley and wife lived on Montgomery street. The former was Captain of the Port. This position was formerly filled by Captain Francisca Sanchez, Hinckley acting as Deputy; but in a mutiny that occurred on board a vessel lying in port, which the Spanish authorities were called upon to quell, Captain Sanchez

killed one of the mutineers, by running his sword right through his body, pinning him to the deck. After this affair he was unwilling to hold the position any longer and resigned in favor of Hinckley. Nathan Spear and family formerly residents of Boston, lived on Montgomery street, corner of Clay. Gus. Andrews a native of Salem, Massachusetts, a house carpenter by trade, lived with his family in a house located on Dupont and Washington streets. Finch and Thompson had a blacksmith shop and dwelling house on the corner of Kearny and Washington streets, where the Bella Union Theatre now stands. A German named Dopkin, a tailor by trade, owned a house with one fifty vara lot on Kearny and Jackson streets. John Evans, an Italian, who followed the calling of a boatman, owned a house on Dupont street near Clay. Jesus Noe and family lived on the corner of Stockton and Clay streets where he owned a house and one fifty vara lot. Mr. Noe was the Alcalde; or, Justice of Peace. An Englishman generally called “Jack the Soldier” his proper name being John Cooper, lived with his wife on a fifty vara lot on the corner of Jackson and Kearny streets. He was a regular “Jack of all trades” and worked at whatever he could find to do. Mr. Baroma and family resided at North Beach, near Washerwoman's Bay, as it was formerly called, where the former owned a large tract of land. Mr. Dinnicke a baker, owned a residence and bakery just below Clark's Point, where an Englishman named Tom Smith, a shoe-maker, also lived. Two Englishmen, one named John H. Brown and the other Sherback resided on a fifty vara lot on the corner of Washington and Kearny streets. The former was a bartender, the latter was married, and a carpenter by trade. A half-breed Indian and wife, whose names I have forgotten, lived on Broadway and Kearny streets. Busam, an American, was a clerk for Leidsoff. John Sullivan was a teamster. There was also an Irishman, Rafael Pinto and a clerk, a Mexicano. Captain Lidrick was the Custom-House officer. Then there was an English sailor, John Cuzins, a cook; a German named Kline, a locksmith by trade; his residence and place of business being on Kearny street. There were also a few Mexican families whose names we will omit, who usually spent the winter months in the city.

At the Mission Dolores there resided the following persons: Francisco Guerrero, Francisco Sanchez and brother, Andrew Hepner, a Russian who followed the occupation of a gardener and music teacher; a Mexican named Valencia, a musician, two families mixed Indian and Mexican, whose

names I have forgotten, a Mexican who claimed a large tract of land a half mile from the Mission, and a family named Beannell.

The following is a list of those in authority under the Mexican Government, in 1846, prior to the raising of the American Flag: Prefect, Francisco Guerrero; First Alcalde, Osa Lacruey Sanchez; this latter gentleman lived seventeen miles from Yerba Buena, and in his frequent absences the Second Alcalde, Jesus Noe, acted in his place, while Robert T. Ridley, (who married the eldest daughter of Mr. Baroma) acted as Second Alcalde; Francisco Deharo was Syndicate.

CHAPTER II.

When I first came to the city, there was only one vessel in the harbor, the bark ‘Emma’ of London, England. I cannot recall the Captain's name; but the First Officer was Mr. Pritchard, the Second, Mr. Norris. They were on a whaling trip and stopped at Yerba Buena for supplies, etc.

The only pay the City officials received for their services, was that raised by fines, most of which was taken from sailors, who would remain on shore after sunset. The fine for this offense was usually five or ten dollars, as the case might be, and the money thus received was equally divided between the authorities. Captains and First officers were permitted to remain on shore as long as they pleased.

As stated elsewhere I was in the employ of Finch and Thompson, having charge of the bar, and also keeping the accounts. Mr. Finch was a man of but little education; in fact, he could neither read nor write, and he had a peculiar way of his own in keeping accounts. He had an excellent memory for names and was in the habit of noting any peculiarity about a person as regards his dress and general appearance. Captain Hinckley wore brass buttons on his coat and was represented on the books by a drawing of a button. A certain sawyer in the place was represented by a drawing of the top saws of a saw pit, and many others were thus represented according to their various characteristics or callings. Many of the drawings showed considerable ingenuity and originality. I remained with Finch about three weeks, during that time I became acquainted with Robert T. Ridley the proprietor

of a liquor and billiard saloon. He made me an offer of fifty dollars per month to take charge of his place. I accepted the offer and commenced my work there in the early part of February. 1846.

The bark “Sterling” of Boston, Captain Vincent, Master; and William Smith, Super Cargo; arrived in port in February, with a full cargo. Ridley had made some large purchases of wines and liquors from Mr. Smith. The billiard-room was at that time the head-quarters for all strangers in the city, both foreigners and Californians. All persons wishing to purchase lots would apply to Ridley: as the first map of surveyed land was kept in the bar-room, the names of those who had lots granted were written on the map. The map was so much soiled and torn from the rough usage it received, that Captain Hinckley volunteered to make a new one. He tried several times; but, being very nervous he could not succeed in making the lines straight, so he got me to do the work, according to his instructions. The original map was put away for safe keeping. The maps were left in the bar-room, until after the raising of the American Flag, when they were demanded of me by Washington A. Bartlett, of the United States Ship Portsmouth, by order of Captain Montgomery.

Things went on as usual in the city until the latter part of May, when a report reached the city, that trouble was expected. A party at Sutter's Fort were raising a company to take possession of the upper part of California. In the early part of June, a boat arrived from Martinez, with the news that Sonoma was taken, and a proclamation, with Mr. Hyde's signature, was posted in a prominent place which announced that General Vallejo and Timothy Murphy, of San Rafael, with many others, were taken prisoners. A few days after, a party of fourteen Californians came to Saucelito, and wanted to hire Captain Richardson's boat, to take them across to Yerba Buena. As they were all well armed with pistols, rifles and guns and were very much excited and badly frightened, Richardson inquired what the trouble was, they told him that a party of four armed men were pursuing them, and that they were afraid they would be shot. As they were fourteen against four, Captain Richardson asked why they did not stand their ground, and fight the men. They said they had been fighting the past four days; but had not succeeded as yet in frightening the party away; and as the men appeared very determined, and bent upon injuring them, they had decided that “discretion was the better part of valor,” and consequently took to their heels. A few days after, General Castro issued a proclamation, commanding all Mexican citizens to meet him at Santa Clara for orders. The only

foreigners who left the city for Santa Clara, were Captain William Hinckley and Robert T. Ridley. They were ordered to stop all boats and prevent all persons from landing in Yerba Buena. On their return home, Hinckley was taken sick and died, on Burnell's Ranch, and was buried in the church at Mission Dolores.

Robert T. Ridley returned to the city to carry out the orders of General Castro, but could not find anyone to assist him, as there was not one Mexican citizen to be found in Yerba Buena, and the few foreigners who were here, were in favor of the "Bear Flag," as it was called. This flag was made at Sutter's Fort, of bunting, and had the picture of a grizzly bear painted in the center, as the parties making the flag had no paint on hand, they used some blackberry juice, which answered the purpose very well. (The flag can still be seen at the Pioneer's Hall, in San Francisco). But they did not take up arms until the American Flag was raised.

A few days after the return of Ridley, a boat landed with two men, named Edge Path and Dr. Sample; Edge Path remained to guard the boat, and Sample came to the billiard-room and inquired for Mr. Ridley. He was in the house at the time and I went to call him, and when I returned with Ridley to the billiard-room, Sample drew his pistol and commanded Ridley to stand still, saying: "If you make a move, or attempt to escape, you will be a dead man." Ridley wished to return to his room for some clothing, Dr. Sample refused, and told me to go and get the clothing he wanted. When I returned with the clothing, Ridley took some money, and two bottles of liquor, and then left with Sample, without communicating with his wife or family. He then bid me good-bye, telling me to take charge of things, and do the best I could for him. A few days later the "Portsmouth" came into port, anchored in front of the town, and lay there for several months. The officers and crew would come ashore daily, and I got well acquainted with them.

In the latter part of June, a gentleman by the name of Gillespie, an officer, arrived in San Francisco, on his way to Sutter's Fort, to recall Fremont, who was about leaving California. We were daily expecting to hear of the Declaration of War between the United States and Mexico; and, about this time I received a letter from Ridley, asking me to call on Captain Montgomery, and inform him that he was a prisoner; and to ascertain whether he could in any way, be instrumental in

securing his release. I made inquiries of some of the officers, and also of Captain Montgomery, of the Portsmouth, who informed me that he had no power to act, until he received the news of the Declaration of War between the United States and Mexico. When this announcement was received, all persons who had been taken prisoners, under the Bear Flag would be released.

The next vessel that arrived in port was the “Magnolia,” Master, Captain Simmonds, afterwards associated with the well known firm of Simmonds and Hutchinson, who were doing an extensive business at that time. The “Magnolia” remained only a few days in the harbor and then went to sea again. In the early part of July there were some false reports started; one of which was to the effect, that an English Man of War was coming in to hoist the English Flag. It was the wish of most Californians to be under the English Government. One morning in July, while we were eating breakfast; there was a very heavy gun fired, and in about five minutes, the long roll was beat on board the United States Ship Portsmouth. All the port holes were thrown open and every man was at his post, and the few people who were in the town, came down to Clay and Kearny streets, expecting to see an engagement in the harbor between the English and American ships. Another report started, was that Alexander Forbes, the English Council, had sent a messenger to Massack Land for an English vessel to come and take charge of the city. Every precaution was taken and every movement watched by the officers of the Portsmouth, so that if the English vessel had made the least move, she would certainly have been sunk in the harbor. The English vessel came into harbor, rounded too, and came to anchor, right abreast of the Portsmouth. The cannon was fired for Captain Richardson and Captain Able as they were the only pilots in the harbor, and both resided at Saucelito. No one was permitted to leave the Portsmouth that day or the next, to go ashore. After 12 A. M. some eight officers and a boat crew, came ashore on liberty, from the English vessel. The Captain in full uniform walked through the town, and called on the English Consul, and then returned to his ship. Among the officers who came ashore, was a young Midshipman, named Elliot; his father was the owner of a large hotel in Davenport, Devenshire, England. We were old school-mates, and he was much surprised to find anyone he knew so far from home, and in such a lonely country. I asked him if he thought there was any truth in the report about the hoisting of the English Flag, in this town. He said: “Not any, as far as I know.” He said they were out

on a surveying expedition for the Government, and were bound for Oregon, and expected to be gone for three years. The next day, at evening tide, the pilots went on board, and the vessel left for Oregon. In June, 1846, one of Captain Fremont's men, at Monterey, traded a horse for a mule with a Californian. After the man had made the trade he got out of the way, and the Californian wanted the mule back again; his excuse being that the mule was stolen property. They were willing to give the mule back, if the Californian would return the horse; but they wanted the mule without any compensation. It was a dodge they very often played on foreigners. Then they wanted the man, Fremont told them if they wanted him to go and take him; but to be careful, or some of them might get hurt. There was a large number of Californians, who went out to take him, Fremont then hoisted the American Flag over his little company of brave men, and waited for them. The question then arose among the Californians as to who should go and take the man; as they knew, only too well, that all of Fremont's men were good shots, and no one ventured to go within two hundred yards, for fear of being hurt. Neither Fremont nor his men showed "the white feather," as they remained in camp for several days, without having the slightest chance to fight; and it is my private opinion, that this affair was the real cause of the commencement of the war. At the time Ridley was made a prisoner, he only kept a billiard-room and saloon; but, as there were a large number of officers coming ashore daily, besides many other persons who wanted accommodations, a good lodging-house and restaurant was badly needed. I was persuaded by my friends to furnish the necessary accommodations. Shortly after this a whaler arrived in port, and discharged three of its crew, two Englishmen and one American. One of the men, Tom Smith, by name, I hired as cook and steward, while Charlie, as the other was called, joined Captain Fremont's company. While in his service he was reprimanded by the Captain for disobedience of orders, and he became so angry that he wanted to fight a duel with Fremont.

I will here mention, for the first time, the name of Captain Grant, who stayed with me at this time, more than a month, as he was very sick. He was attended daily by the surgeon of the Portsmouth. He was removed to Napa, where he died shortly after.

I will give a true account of the reading, for the first time, of the Declaration of Independence, in this city, July 4th, 1846: On the morning of July 4th, Captain Leidssoff asked me if I was an

American; I told him that I was a white-washed one and had been naturalized. He invited me to come to his house, corner of Clay and Kearny streets, fronting Portsmouth Square, (afterwards known as the City Hotel) where Captain Montgomery was to read the Declaration of Independence. There were present: Captain Leidsoff, Captain Montgomery and two sons, John Fuller, a Midshipman, from Portsmouth, and myself (John H. Brown). I have been particular in naming all the persons present on this occasion, as I have both read and heard, many reports in regard to the rejoicing of the first fourth of July in this city, which were incorrect. The next year, 1847, the Declaration was again read, at the same house, on the verandah, by Dr. Sample; and at the same place in 1848, by Joseph Thompson, while Dr. Sample delivered an address. I will not mention the celebration of later years, as there are many persons now living in this city who can remember events, as well as myself, and will, no doubt, be proud to speak of them. Business in the city was improving, and Yerba Buena was rapidly becoming quite a place of note. In July 1846, a young man named Fisher arrived in this city from Monterey, with dispatches for Captain Montgomery, bringing the glorious news that the flag had at last been hoisted, and that the stars and stripes were waving over the city of Monterey. On the following day, shortly before noon, we heard the fife and the beating of the drum. There was great rejoicing by the few who were in the city, and that small and faithful band were as united as brothers; and their hearts swelled with pure pride and patriotism at the thought of being under the protection of the flag of their own country. The first person who made his appearance was Captain Watson of the marines, with his company of soldiers. The next in command was the First Lieutenant of the Portsmouth, whom everybody called by the nickname of ‘‘Mushroom’’ for lack of a better. He was followed by Lieutenant Revere's two Midshipmen, and about a dozen sailors. They all marched up Clay street to Kearny, and thence to the old Mexican flag pole in front of the Adobe House, used as a Custom-House. This being an important event in the History of San Francisco, I will give the names of those who witnessed the hoisting of the American Flag. Captain Leidsoff, John Finch, Joseph Thompson, Mrs. Robert T. Ridley, Mrs. Andrew Hepner, Mrs. Captain Voight, ‘‘Richard the Third,’’ and John H. Brown. The following improvements were made in 1846, Thompson and Finch doubled the size of their blacksmith shop; in June Captain Leidsoff moved from Fuller's to his own building; a store and two rooms, finished shortly before the event of which we speak. There was a company formed in Sacramento under

Major Redding, Captain Snyder, Major Hensley, and many others, who arrived in San Francisco in the early part of July, for the purpose of engaging a vessel for the lower country. The only vessel there in harbor was the Bark Sterling, Master, Captain Vincent, of Boston; (who was burned in the May fire in William Davis's building, on Montgomery street). The above named persons chartered his bark to run to Los Angeles Captain Leidsoff and myself supplied them with ship stores; which, in those days was no easy task; the easiest article to furnish was home made brandy. Being twenty-three men, besides the those mentioned above, took passage in the same vessel. The people of San Francisco well knew what was meant by the engaging of this vessel, and everyone knew what the result would be, as they were expecting, from day to day, a declaration of war with Mexico. The war news was received in Yerba Buena before the vessel reached Los Angeles. In the latter part of July, the Mormon ship, Captain Richardson, Master; and the ship "Brooklyn," of New York, Samuel Brannan, Commander, arrived. When they first came there was great difficulty in finding places enough to make homes for them. Their head-quarters were in a large adobe building belonging to Captain Fisher of Los Angeles, and Mr. McKinley of Monterey. Previous to their occupancy of the building, Joseph Belding, an old resident of San Jose, had opened a dry goods store in it for a short time. The first sermon delivered in the English language in Yerba Buena was preached by Samuel Brannan, who is well known, and will probably be remembered by many of the present day, and they will, no doubt, be surprised on hearing of his serving in this capacity. He preached on the last Sunday in July, 1846, as good a sermon as any one would wish to hear. The first wedding which took place after this city was under the protection of the American Flag, was celebrated in a building owned by the proprietors of the Portsmouth house. The ceremony was performed in a large room on the ground floor, which was generally used by the Mexicans as a calaboose or prison. The marriage took place among the Mormons, who had arrived so short a time before. The contracting parties were: Lizzie, the second daughter of Mr. Winner, and Mr. Basil Hall. The marriage ceremony was performed by Mr. Samuel Brannan, according to the Mormon faith. I was one of the guests, and I never enjoyed myself, at any gathering, as I did there. There was a general invitation extended to all, a large quantity of refreshments had been prepared, and as there was plenty of music and singing, we had lots of fun. The festivities were kept up until twelve o'clock, when everyone returned to their homes, perfectly satisfied, and ready to pronounce the first

wedding a grand success. Mr. Hall, the bridegroom, had accumulated considerable wealth in this country, and he left here in 1850, for Washington city. On his return home, he purchased a colored woman, a slave, Mr. Winner told me that Mrs. Hall treated the colored woman brutally; and the woman, tired of her treatment, and determined to have revenge, one day put Mrs. Hall's feet into the fire, and held them there until she was burned to death.

Shortly after the hoisting of the American Flag, some men were sent ashore from the Portsmouth to build a house, in which a cannon was placed for the better protection of the people. They also cut a road and built a Fort, some distance below Clark's Point, which is now known as the lower end of Battery street, from which it took its name. In this Fort there were five mounted cannons, brought from the old Mexican Fort. The log-house was built on Clay street, near Stockton. After peace was declared, this house was used as a Calaboose by T. M. Leavensworth at that time Alcalda. One night a man, by the name of Pete, from Oregon, was put in the "Calaboose," for having cut the hair off of the tails of five horses and shaved the stumps. When asked what he did it for, he said that he wanted to send him to England, to be made into a brush, to brush the flies off the Queen's dinner-table. As Leavensworth did not send him his breakfast, he called on Leavensworth at his office, with the door of the Calaboose on his back, and told him if his breakfast was not sent up in half an hour he would take French leave. Leavensworth sent his breakfast; but it was the first and last meal he had in that place.

I will here relate how the first hotel in the city got the name of Portsmouth House. The non-commissioned officers on board the Portsmouth, Whittaker, the sail-maker and Whinnesy, the ship carpenter offered to make the sign-board, paint it and find everything needed, if I would call it by this name. I agreed; the sign was made on board the Portsmouth, brought ashore, and put on the building; and it was the first sign-board ever put up in the now large city of San Francisco. In July, 1846, Captain Montgomery sent ashore Washington A. Bartlett, to take charge of the town and to act as Alcalda. There came with him a young man, called Downing, who acted as clerk. Downing served but a short time when he was ordered aboard ship. The next clerk was George McDougal. The officer at this time lived in the frame residence of William C. Hinckley, on Montgomery, between Clay and Washington streets. There was considerable contention among the Mormon

residents. Several suits were commenced against Samuel Brannan, and tried before Washington A. Bartlett, complaints were made to Captain Montgomery that Bartlett showed partiality to those who were against Brannan. Captain Montgomery issued an order, calling for an election for Alcalda. The election was held in a room, at the back part of Leidsoff's store, facing Portsmouth Square, known after as the City Hotel. The candidates for Alcalda were: Washington Bartlett and Robert T. Ridley, who had been released by Captain Montgomery, and had returned. The ballot box was an empty box in which lemon syrup, in bottles, had been packed. The box was bought by Robert T. Ridley, from Steve Smith, of Bodego, and given to Ridley as pay for surveying two fifty vara lots in April. Ridley asked me to nail down the corner of the box tight. I made a small hole in the cover, so that the names could be dropped in. Each name was written on a slip of paper, I carried the box over to the room where the election was held, and wrote Ridley's name on a piece of paper, which they put in the box, and that was the first vote ever cast in this city, after it came under the rule of American Flag. That same day Yerba Buena was named San Francisco, by Washington A. Bartlett; but, I have a document in my possession, that I obtained from Alexander Forbes, and it was dated in San Francisco over six months before this event. Washington A. Bartlett obtained a majority of the votes cast, and was elected Alcalda. The first foreigner naturalized in this city was Captain J. Young, a Scotchman by birth, afterwards Superintendent of the Quicksilver Mines, at San Jose. It has often been disputed as to where the first post-office was located. It was in the old Spanish Custom-House, in Portsmouth Square. The mail was carried by United States soldiers, free of charge, but they soon found it would not pay to deliver the mail free. After the arrival of the "Brooklyn," I found I could employ help, on very reasonable terms. I engaged one lady as house-keeper, a widow with one young son, her name was Meramore; also a waitress, named Lucy Nutting, and a good cook, named Sarah Kittleman, I then fitted up the beds and started the first hotel in the city, I was just on time, on the second day of August, 1846, there arrived in port from eight to ten whaling ships, and, by the advice of Captain Montgomery they staid in port four months. The following are the names of the captains: Captain Simmonds, who was the first one to take lodgings in the hotel, Captain Mallory, Captain Bottom, Captain Rayne, Captain Henly and Captain Winters. The above named laid in port from 1846 to the early part of 1847. I must relate how I obtained furniture in those days: I got a couple of carpenters (who arrived in Brooklyn,)

by the name of Kittleman, to make benches, tables and bedsteads. Our beds were mostly made of Sandwich Island moss, excepting four feather beds, which I purchased from the Mormons. The blankets were made of heavy flannel, with a seam in the center. The quilts were made of calico. Our sheets were the best part of the bedding. I had one bedstead made of extra length, thinking it would be long enough for my tallest lodger. Dr. Sample tried it, as he was a few inches taller, than any of the rest, and the next morning he asked me if I had any chickens I wanted to roost, as his legs came out at the foot of the bed sufficient to roost about a dozen. The bedstead was six feet in length; but, the next day I had one made that measured seven feet six inches, which the doctor said was a perfect fit, and I always kept this bed expressly for Dr. Sample, William Blackburn, Jacob Schneider, and one Burrows all very tall men.

As soon as the American Flag was hoisted, Captain Watson was sent on shore to guard the city with a file of marines from the ship Portsmouth. Their head-quarters being the adobe building, known as the old Custom-House. There was a captain here, by the name of Philips, from Boston, who had lost his vessel at Bodego, who did a very brave act; he took his boat with four men, went to the Presidio, where the old Mexican cannons were lying on the ground and “spiked” them, thinking that he was doing the Government a favor. He might have taken up his abode at the Fort without any difficulty, as there was not a Spaniard nearer than the Mission Dolores, to oppose him in any way. Washington A. Bartlett was elected by the votes of the sailors from the Portsmouth, who were sent ashore in boats to vote for him, as it was thought that Ridley would favor the Mexicans. After Captain Watson came ashore to guard the city he made it a rule every morning to fill his flask with good whiskey. It was usually at a very late hour when he called for it, and I would be in bed. His signal would be two raps on the shutter. As soon as I would answer him, he would say: “The Spaniards are in the brush,” this was the pass-word, I would then get up and fill his bottle, and he would leave and go on duty. A short time after the arrival of so many whalers in port, there was about five captains who remained on shore to have a good time with some of the officers of the Portsmouth. Captain Watson being one of the number, and several prominent Californians, among whom were Guerrero and Sanchez. They kept me up two nights in succession, and when they finally departed, I decided to take a good night's rest, as there was no business doing after ten

o'clock, so I took to my room an extra allowance of whiskey. I was sleeping sounder than usual, when there were a number of raps on the window shutter. I did not hear them, however, and as Watson, who had been imbibing freely, found the raps did no good, he fired off one of his pistols, and sang out at the top of his voice, "The Spaniards are in the brush!" The report of the pistol was heard at the Barracks, and they began to beat the long roll. I jumped out of bed, (more asleep than awake) filled Watson's flask, and was told that no one would hurt me, and to go to bed again. There were signals given from the Portsmouth that men would be sent ashore for duty. The Mormons had only arrived a few days prior to this event, and at the beat of the long roll they were all up and on hand with arms and ammunition, ready to furnish what service they could. They remained under arms for about three hours, in the yard of the Portsmouth House, and were then discharged. That night there were several shots fired by those on duty, thinking they were shooting at Californians; but, they found next day, to their great surprise, that instead of dead bodies, some scrub oaks had received the shots. The wind in bending the oaks hither and thither had made them suppose that "The Spaniards" were really in the "brush." Captain Watson called on me the next morning in the billiard-room, and told me that if I ever told, or even mentioned what happened the night previous, as long as I lived, I would be a dead man, as it would greatly injure his reputation if it were made public.

There were three persons, who arrived by the ship Brooklyn, as cabin passengers, who were not Mormons. I believe one of them is still living at Benicia, by the name of Van Phfster. A man named Captain Thompson, a brother to Mr. Thompson of Santa Barbara, also Frank Ward, a merchant, whose store was on Montgomery street in a house owned by Mrs. Wm. C. Hinckley. Several days after the alarm above mentioned, the authorities commenced erecting a log building, for the use of the cannon, so that they would be in readiness to protect the city in case of another alarm. They commenced at the same time to build a battery, some distance below Clark's Point. In early days it was a very common thing for sailors to run away from their vessels. It was pretty generally understood that the captain would give five dollars reward to anyone returning the runaway to his respective vessel. One person whom I will mention here by the name of Peckham, is now living in San Jose and he will, no doubt, remember the circumstances. When Peckham arrived here during

the Mexican war, on the whale ship “Magnet,” (Captain Bottom) he deserted the vessel, thinking he could get away without being known. A few days later, while the Captain was in the billiard-room, Tom Smith, (a man who made it a regular business to catch runaway sailors) informed the Captain that one of the men had deserted. The Captain was surprised and inquired what kind of a looking man he was. Tom told him he was a “seven footer,” and after thinking a moment, the Captain made up his mind who it was. He then asked Smith what he got for bringing in runaway sailors. He said five dollars was the regular price. The Captain told him he thought five dollars was too much; but, he would be willing to give him two dollars and a half if he would let the runaway sailor go wherever he pleased to, as he was no earthly account aboard a ship. The same sailor, Mr. Peckham, got a situation with Captain Dring, as clerk in a store, where he studied law, and afterwards became one of the best lawyers in Santa Cruz, where he practiced, and also served as County Judge.

A schooner was built and launched here in 1846, by the following parties: John C. Davis, John Rose and Cheno Reynolds. The iron work was done by Finch and Thompson; the sails were made by “Jack the soldier,” or rather, John Cooper, who was an old English sailor. This schooner was of great benefit to the city, as it made regular trips to Santa Clara and Napa, and each time would bring in a great assortment of provisions. The schooner was sold in 1847 to Captain Folsom, to be used by the United States. The first trip this vessel made for the Government, was to take a horse-saw mill to the “Cordes Madera,” the latter was the property of Captain Cooper, of Monterey, and it was soon put in running order by men from Stevenson's Company, and made a large quantity of lumber for the Government. There were a number of house carpenters amongst the Mormons, arriving in 1846; who commenced several buildings which were not finished until 1847. I will mention them hereafter, as I think some of the buildings are now standing. In reading the history of early days in this country, I have seen mentioned the names of many persons now living in California, who got a good deal of praise, which they never deserved; and which should have been credited to others whose names have never appeared in print, and who were too modest to feel otherwise than that they had done their duty. I will mention first those who were of great service to the country during the Mexican war, Purser Whatmore of the sloop of war “Portsmouth.” He

was instrumental in raising Charlie Weaver's company, of San Jose, and did much valuable service; Lieutenant Revere's, who was also from the Portsmouth, he was sent to Sonoma to take charge of that city under the United States Flag, and when he arrived there he found it a very difficult task, as many persons who went there under the Bear Flag, claimed all the property they could lay hands on, and Revere's first orders were, that all property should be delivered to the rightful owner within twenty-four hours. If they refused he would imprison them, and that if they made the slightest resistance, he would blow the top of their heads off. Revere's was considered by all who knew him to be an honorable man, one who served his country well. The first work given by Captain Leidsoff, for completion was the old City Hotel. He then opened a bar and billiard-room; but the house was known as the "Large Adobe." In the early part of the month of October, Leidsoff wished me to take his house, at a rent of two thousand dollars per year; payable, quarterly in advance. I found it very difficult to get furniture. In a conversation with Mr. Henry Mellish, who was doing business for a Boston House on this coast, he told me that he had a lot of furniture on board his vessel that he would sell to me at a low figure, and give me my own time to pay for it. I then sold out the Portsmouth House to Doctor Jones; and on the first day of November, 1846, I rented the Adobe House, hoisted a sign, the name of which was Brown's Hotel. This sign was in very fine gilt letters, the cost of which was one hundred dollars. The work was done by the eldest son of Mrs. Hager, who arrived here on the ship Brooklyn. There are but very few signs, at the present day, gotten up in better taste and shape than this one was. A short time after the opening of Brown's Hotel. there was a call for all those who wished to join a company for the protection of the city, to meet at the hotel. On the evening designated several attended, and elected the following officers: Wm. D. M. Howard as Captain; Wm. Smith, First Lieutenant; John Rose, Second Lieutenant; and there were about twenty privates.

CHAPTER III.

A vessel arrived here called the "Uphamer," of which Captain Russem, an Englishman, was Master; William Davis (better known as "Kanacka" Davis) was Super-Cargo, and owner. A Mr. Sherman came to Yerba Buena as Davis's clerk, (afterwards of the firm of Sherman and Ruckler). At the time the city was under Martial Law, a young man, who professed to be a lawyer, by the

name of Pickett, better known as “Crazy Pickett,” was put under arrest for saying more against the Government than those in authority thought proper. In the latter part of November, there arrived in port Captain Mervin, of the ship “Savannah,” and Captain Hull of the ship “Warren.” Captain Hull was sent ashore on duty, and he rented two rooms for himself in the hotel, and got canvas from his ship to fit up the verandah, for the use of his men, as there was barely room in the Custom-House for the marines. He and I would often have some little trouble about matters in general. One I will mention here: The Californians would bring beef to me for the use of the hotel; but, would not bring beef to me for the use of the hotel; but, would not bring any for the use of the Government, and Hull would often make threats to confiscate my meat. This was about the time of Bartlett's imprisonment by the Californians. Bartlett concluded that the only way they could obtain beef, would be to go the ranches, and drive the cattle in; but, that was much easier thought than done. He obtained some horses and left the city with some eight sailors, well armed and equipped for any emergency. He arrived at Osa Lacruz Sanchez' house seventeen miles from the city, and as Sanchez, would not drive up the cattle he and his men undertook to do so. The cattle were driven into the corral, and they were getting ready to start home with them, when Francisco Sanchez and two of his soldiers rode into the corral and inquired of Bartlett what he was going to do with the cattle. Bartlett replied that he was going to take them for the use of the men of the Navy, Sanchez then threw his serrapa over his soldiers, and told Bartlett if he, or any of his men made the least move that he “would blow their brains out!” He came provided with rope, for the purpose of tying the hands of Bartlett and his men. He took them to his brother's house, and informed Bartlett that he must consider himself a prisoner, and the next time he went out to steal cattle, to take his fire-arms with him, as he might need them. Bartlett when he went to the corral left his fire-arms in the house of Osa Lacruz Sanchez, not knowing, that he had sent for his brother to see that everything went on right and lawfully. This information was given me direct by Francisco Sanchez, himself; he was a personal friend of mine; he also told me of a “private lecture” he gave Bartlett, in which he said: “You have raised in this country, the American Flag. In your proclamation you say: ‘all Mexicans citizens, and their property shall be protected by the American Government.’ You, as one of the law-makers, come here and try to steal our cattle. What do you suppose our opinion must be of such people as you; what respect can we have for your Government?” Sanchez then sent out

runners, calling the Californians together to defend their property. This was the commencement of the Santa Clara war. In the latter part of December, there was a call for volunteers to go and release Bartlett, and his men, who were held as prisoners under Captain Francisco Sanchez. As William D. M. Howard was not able to go out on duty, the company elected William Smith as Captain, John Rose as First Lieutenant, and Dougherty as Second Lieutenant. Our first night out we stopped at Mission Dolores; the second night we camped at Osa Lacruz Sanchez' ranch, seventeen miles from the city, there we joined Captain Charles Weaver's company, and our force was made up of the following persons: Commander, Captain Marston, of the marines; Lieutenant Stanson, from a man of war, with a company of marines, and a small brass field piece; Captain Weaver and company; also Captain Smith and company, and this was the extent of our army.

On our arrival at Sanchez ranch, the marines had a great time. They were up all night hard at work, baking "soft tack." They found some flour in the house, and also a large adobe oven attached, which was quite convenient for their use. We had one beef and two hogs in the shape of food, so we fared well. When we started in the morning each of the marines must have had, at least, fifteen pounds of soft tack lashed to their knapsacks, which was sufficient to last them during their march to the Santa Clara war. Our Second Lieutenant was not satisfied with the Captain, nor the company, as he said he fully expected that the privates would wait on him, and render such service as attending to his horse and getting his meals for him, etc., so he returned to the city on the second day out. Our next day's trip was to Covinger's ranch, he was an Englishman and once held the position of lieutenant in the English navy. He was quite an expert with the cannon. Here we got news that the Californians were only five miles in advance. That night Captain Smith came around to his men to find out how many men were willing to volunteer to start with him at four o'clock next morning, to go after the Californians. The men who volunteered were William McDonald, Clerk Jennings, Captain Smith and myself. From Weaver's company, were Lieutenant John Murphy and five privates. Our line of march was up a steep mountain the whole of the way. A short distance from the top we were ordered to halt; examine our weapons, and put fresh caps on our rifles and pistols. The fog was very heavy and falling fast, like rain. It was a very solemn time, not a word was spoken, everyone seemed to realize his position. The Californians were on

the alert, and before we could reach the top of the mountain Captain Smith ordered us to halt; as we could first see them crossing the ridge, they must have been about half a mile from us. He said it was no use to hurry, so we moved along cautiously; only trying to keep them in sight, as it would be better and much safer for us to keep them at a respectful distance, as they had over sixty men and one small cannon. We kept after them that day until we met Weaver's company, and the marines, about fifteen miles from Santa Clara. The next day Captain Weaver, with three of his men, Lieutenant Rose, of Smith's company, McDonald and myself, were selected as a scouting party. About ten o'clock in the morning one of Captain Weaver's Indians rode up to the Captain and informed him that the Californians were near Santa Clara. Captain Weaver at once fired off his rifle, which was the signal for the companies to stop until we got up to them. I think that was about as hard a mile's ride as I ever experienced. As soon as we overtook them, the company was formed as follows: Captain Weaver and company were in front; the marines next, with the gun; and Captain Smith came next. All except four, Lieutenant Rose, Julius Martin, (now living in Gilroy) McDonald and myself were ordered to the rear, to take care of about twenty or thirty loose horses, following the company. There was one of our soldiers, who was always lagging behind; it was almost impossible to keep him up with the company. His name was Holbrook, of Boston, who arrived here as Super-Cargo of a Brig. Captain Smith ordered him to keep up with the company, or he would be liable to be picked off by the Californians. He said he could not make his horse go, as he had no spurs. The captain took one of his own spurs off and gave it to Holbrook, and told him to put it on and keep up with the company. He commenced fastening the spur to his toe, instead of his heel. The Captain then became angry, and took the spur from him, ordering us to drive him in among the loose horses, and keep him there. The Californians aimed to drive us into a mud-hole, and make a charge; but Lieutenant John Murphy knowing every inch of the ground avoided any catastrophe. We found his services of great value, as the Californians had gathered there in strong forces. I must mention one item here in regard to Julius Martin. He was riding on the outside, nearest the Californians, and he observed a Californian wearing a red serrapa, making himself rather conspicuous; and, as we came to a standstill near the mud-hole Martin observed to me that he thought his old rifle could carry a message to that man wearing the red serrapa, and if I would keep a sharp lookout he would try it. He got off his horse, took a rest on his saddle, sent

the messenger on his errand, and the message was received at the proper destination. He asked me what I thought of the result, I told him I thought it had accomplished its object, as I saw two men leading the wounded man off the field. It must be understood that Julius Martin was considered one of the best shots in the country, as was also Purser Fonteroy of the Savannah, who was known to be the best shot in the American Navy. For about two hours the bullets were flying thick and fast; but only one person in our company was injured, and that was Bennett, of Santa Clara. A bullet took off the heel of his shoe, grazing his heel and making him lame for a few days. What the Spaniards could not accomplish with firearms—they thought to do with their tongues, for if one-tenth part of the blessing they showered upon us had befallen us, not one would be alive to tell the story. We fought our way through to Santa Clara, arriving there in the evening. We went into camp and put out a strong guard. We had not been in Santa Clara long, when Mrs. Bennett sent her son to Lieutenant Rose and three or four others (including myself), inviting us to partake of a good supper. Captain Smith and Lieutenant Rose could talk Spanish well, and were good friends with most of the Californians under arms. They called on Alexander Forbes the English Consul, with the purpose of engaging him to go with them, and endeavor to make peace with the Californians without further loss of life. Soon after dark, Smith, Rose and Forbes started on horse-back for Captain Francisco Sanchez' camp; a distance of only one mile from where we were camping. On the way they were stopped and challenged at three different times. Forbes then told the guard to send for one of his men, and he would forward a note to Sanchez, (which he wrote by the light of a match). On receipt of the note, Sanchez sent for Forbes and his two friends, after first ordering the guard to search them to see that they had no concealed weapons. When they stated their business to Sanchez saying they desired peace, he appeared very much surprised to think that Captain Smith and Lieutenant Rose should take up arms against him, when they professed to be such warm friends; but, they told him the same as Forbes had done, that their sole object was to promote peace without the loss of life. They proposed to make peace on the following terms: That Sanchez and his company should deliver up all their arms, and the company to become citizens of the United States, and no one to be held responsible by law, for anything they had done. Sanchez, in the first place, told Forbes that he considered they were fully able to cope with such armies as the United States then had in this country. Forbes immediately informed him that he knew nothing at all of the power of the United

States; that if those who were now here could not conquer the enemy, that they could send an army that would conquer them ten times over, then all their property would be confiscated for the benefit of the United States. Sanchez said he would agree to the terms mentioned, if Charlie Weber would fight a duel with him. He was told that it would be impossible; as Charlie was an officer of the United States Army. He asked him what his animosity was against Charlie Weber, more than any other man. His reply was: that Charlie Weber had received from the Mexican Government, all the privileges of a citizen, he had been made a prisoner in the commencement of the war; but had got his release on "parole of honor." A week afterwards Weber raised a company to fight the Californians, and if it had not been for the influence of Forbes, they never would have compromised with him. In resigning the army it was understood that they would only deliver up their arms to Captain Smith's company that if any other company came to them, they would not relinquish them, nor surrender under any circumstances. When Captain Smith left the company he called his men together and informed them that Rose and he had important business to attend to, which would compel them to leave that night; and that Mr. Brown would have charge of the company in his absence; and that he hoped every man would attend to whatever duty he was called on to perform. In the company there was one man who was anxious to do more than was expected of him. While on duty he made two false alarms, by pretending to see Californians coming into camp. The men informed me that if any more false alarms were given, and I did not do my duty by shooting him, they would shoot me. I stood by him, all in readiness to shoot him if he made another false alarm, and I really believe I should have done so. Several times he called on me, saying he could see the Spaniards, and wanted to know if he would shoot. I then informed him that he heard the orders given me, and that I should certainly shoot him if he did not shoot a Spaniard. This was the only time I had command of a company, and, I hoped it would be the last, as I was up all that night.

It was a good thing for the Californians that they came to terms, as a company of over forty men from Monterey, under Captain Maddox, arrived soon after; they would not have shown the Californians any quarters, and they seemed to think that what Forbes had told them was perfectly correct. The flag of truce put a stop to all war proceedings, and peace again, reigned supreme. At the beginning of the battle of Santa Clara, one Castro, who had charge of Bartlett and his men,

informed Bartlett that if any Californians should be shot in the fight, that Bartlett would be shot down first, and each prisoner should share the same fate. As Sanchez was riding by Bartlett called to him, and told him what Castro had said. Sanchez then called Castro to him, also the three guards under him, who had charge of the prisoners, and told them if they hurt but one hair on the heads of the men; or, if any of the prisoners were injured while in their charge, he would shoot Castro and the guards down himself.

Francisco Sanchez was an honorable, noble and high-minded man, and would scorn to do anything mean or contemptible. That night we went to San Jose; and, on the next day, boats from the war-ships arrived to take on board the cannon and marines who went to Yerba Buena by water. The following day we started to Yerba Buena by land accompanied by Francisco Sanchez, whom we left twelve miles from the city on his parole of honor, as he promised to be in the city the next day, which was New Year's Day, 1847. We were paid off by Frank Ward, at his store, by order of Captain Mervin—and we all had a jolly good time. I do not want it understood that Bartlett went out with the intention of stealing the cattle; the reason of his going for them in the way he did, was this: The Californians would not bring in cattle for the navy for less than twenty-five dollars per head. I was only paying ten dollars at the time, and I understood that they intended, and were willing to pay the Spaniards the same price I was paying, but no more. Prior to the commencement of the war they would bring the beef, slaughter it and bring it in, and all the remuneration they wanted was the hide and one bottle of California whiskey. Most of the cattle I obtained were from Sanchez. When Francisco Sanchez was in town he would make his home at the hotel, and that paid for what cattle I got, which was from two to three beeves a week.

I have here to chronicle one of the first and saddest events that befell this city in those days: Captain Montgomery, of the Sloop of War ‘‘Portsmouth’’ had on board with him three sons. One was an officer, one, a captain's clerk, and the other, a boy from ten to twelve years of age. After the raising of the American Flag over California, the Government had in their employ several men at Sutter's Fort. They had been without pay some four months, when a boat was dispatched with the money, under the command of Young Montgomery. The crew, consisting of seven men. Young Montgomery thinking it would be a pleasure trip for his youngest brother, prevailed on his father

to permit him to go with him. After they had been out double the time it ought to have taken to go to the Fort, and boats arriving from the Fort not seeing or hearing anything at all from them, people began to be fearful lest something had happened to them. Boats from all the ships were sent out to search for the missing ones, and returned without any news whatever. Robert T. Ridley was then engaged, as he was supposed to know more about the inlets on the river than any other person. He was gone about two weeks, and all he could find was one cloth cap and a piece of a boat, which he found near a ranch, belonging to Major Bidwell. It was a supposition that the boat might have been carried to sea; but, when inquiries were made of Captain Richardson, at Saucelito, he was positive that he had seen the boat pass his place. No trace of them was ever found, nor anything pertaining to them, except the above named articles. There was also a boat sent out by the citizens, who returned with the same sad result, nothing could be found. Captain Montgomery was highly esteemed by everyone, and he had the heart-felt sympathy in his sad bereavement, of all who knew him.

A report arrived in town that the Californians were again mustering to take the city. It was only known by very few persons, Fonteroy being the principle one, he enlisted the following named persons to go with him to the Presidio. Captain King, Master of a vessel belonging to the Sandwich Island, and owned by Alexander G. Able; a Super-Cargo, by the name of Chever; Mr. Gordon, late of Boston, a newspaper agent; and Mr. Stetson. These gentleman had provisions put up for their journey, and a bottle of whiskey for each. They engaged a man named Collins, the second steward of the hotel, to carry the refreshments for them. They had been enjoying themselves pretty well that evening, as they expected to start between eleven and twelve o'clock, and ordered breakfast to be ready for them at ten o'clock next morning. About three o'clock in the morning there was some heavy knocking at the front door of the hotel, and who should be there but those great warriors; and such looking men as they were would be hard to find anywhere. It commenced to rain soon after they left, and one of the heaviest showers set in, that I have ever seen in California, fortunately it lasted but a short time, however. Steward Collins deposited the firearms and provisions about a mile from town, and went after them the next morning. The next day there were two marines sent out to ascertain what was going on. They reported, on their return, that there was not a living soul in sight. The next thing that happened of any note, was the bursting of the coffee-pot in Brown's

Hotel. Captain King, who arrived from the Islands, brought with him a newly patented coffee-pot, the like of which I had never seen before, nor since. It held about a gallon and a half. On the top was a large iron wheel, which fitted tight to the tin; over that was a cover; on the outside was a screw, which could be turned with the fingers. It could be screwed down so tight that no steam could escape. Captain King had with him a Kanaka steward, who had learned how to use the coffee-pot with safety, and had done so several times. It was their habit to make coffee in this pot every day; but, it so happened at this time that the steward had other work to do, and after fixing the coffee-pot, as he supposed, all right, he left it in charge of the second cook, with instructions if too much steam escaped to turn the screw tighter; and the cook turned it down so tight, that no steam could escape. The consequence was that the coffee-pot exploded, blowing the cook twenty yards from the kitchen; also, scattering the cooking utensils in different parts of the room. At that time Captain Hull's head-quarters were on the north side of the hotel. When he heard the explosion he ran immediately to the Barracks, (which were in the old Custom-House), and ordered the long roll to be beat, as the Spaniards had come to take the city. George McDougal and I were in the bar-room at the time, and on looking out of the window, we saw the cook lying on the ground badly scalded; we went immediately and picked him up, and we thought at first he was dead, as he could neither speak nor move. Captain King with two other gentlemen came to our assistance, and told me to run to the military quarters for a doctor. In the meantime Captain Hull demanded the call of the citizens, who very promptly responded, and he ordered them to form in line, and be ready to fire at the word of command. He also sent out some marines, as scouts, to find out the strength of the Californians. He made signals for the men on ship to be ready, if required on shore. When I arrived at the quarters, I met Captain Hull as I was going up the steps, and he began to scold me for not being on hand, one of the very first, as he thought I had as much at stake as anyone; I then told him he could stop beating his long roll, all I wanted was the doctor, as the coffee-pot had exploded in the hotel, and the cook was badly scalded; perhaps fatally burned. He turned to his company, whom he had called together, and thanked them for their ready response to his call; and in case they should be needed in the future, he hoped they would show as great a readiness to respond as they had that day. They were then discharged from further duty. This, I think, was the last call to fight an imaginary battle in San Francisco.

When the Doctor came to examine the cook, he found there were no bones broken; he was only stunned and badly scalded; but not seriously. There is one witness to the above accident, who is now living in San Jose, by the name of William C. Clark, well-known in the city, who has cause to remember the circumstances; as he came from Clark's Point to the Barracks; which, in those days, owing to the roughness of the roads, was considered a pretty good walk. For some time after that, when Clark would meet me in the street, he would stop and have me relate the circumstance of the "bursting of the coffee-pot" to his friends. The next thing of importance was the arrival of Colonel Mason, who was sent as Governor of California. He made his head-quarters at Brown's Hotel. I was acquainted with him at Fort Gibson, and he was very glad to meet me in this country. William D. Howard fitted up some rooms for him over his store, on the old Hudson Bay property; but, he preferred staying with his old friend Brown; and whenever he was in the city he always stopped at the hotel. The day after Colonel Mason's arrival there was a large ball given in the evening in his honor, which was followed by a supper and other refreshments. This was the first ball given in the city under the United States Flag, and many American ladies attended. I will mention a few of the persons who were present, as some are now living in California: Mrs. Andrew Jackson Greyson, whose husband afterwards became a merchant in the early days of California; Mrs. Montgomery, whose husband was a gunsmith by trade; Mrs. J. C. Davis, whose husband was a ship-builder; there were also some fifteen to twenty ladies from the ship Brooklyn. This was a short time before the arrival of the Stevenson's Regiment. I was ordered to get up a supper, sparing no trouble or expense, as money was no object. William D. M. Howard gave two hundred and fifty dollars toward paying for the supper, out of his own pocket. The whole expense was five hundred dollars. Colonel Mason said he never enjoyed himself better at any entertainment than he did there. They all came to enjoy themselves and have a good time, and, they were not disappointed. Jackson Gordon, now steward in the United States Mint in this city, had full charge of the supper, and all persons acquainted with him, know that he was equal to the task and capable of managing the affair successfully.

In 1846 there were two ships on this coast belonging to Boston. One was called the "Tosso," of which William D. M. Howard was Super-Cargo, Captain Libby, Master and Dave Long the Mate. This latter gentleman afterwards became famous as a clown. The other ship was the

“Vandalin,” Master, Captain Everett and Super-Cargo, Henry Mellish. These vessels traded in general merchandise for hides, running from San Diego to San Francisco. They had small boats with which they used to go and come between the vessels and the shore to deliver goods and collect hides, etc. They went to Napa, Sonoma, San Rafael, San Jose, Santa Clara and all places on the coast where the water was not deep enough for vessels to run in. I have often read in newspapers that there was no wheat grown in this country in early days, which is a great mistake. In the year 1846 there was a vessel belonging to Sitka, which came here for the express purpose of taking on board a cargo of wheat, sent here from Sutter's Fort. The same vessel in 1847, brought to this city the first steamer that ever floated in the Bay of San Francisco. In the early part of 1847 a brig arrived in port, belonging to the Hudson Bay Company, having on board part of the crew of the man-of-war “Peacock,” which was wrecked on the Oregon Bar, the Captain's name was Houston, and the First Lieutenant's, Shanklin; besides these two there were Salem Woodsworth and many others, who came here to take passage for the United States. Salem Woodsworth remained in California, and soon after his arrival he offered his services for the release of those emigrants who were snow-bound in the California mountains. There was a call for a meeting of the citizens to take into consideration the best way for their release. The meeting was called by Jasper O. Farrell, and was held at Brown's Hotel. He stated that nothing could be done without means, and that he was willing to head the list by subscribing one hundred dollars. Captain Leidsoff followed with the same amount, after which some gave fifty dollars each, and many others contributed smaller sums; no one giving less than five dollars. Samuel Brannnn deserves much praise for the valuable assistance he rendered in raising a collection among the Mormons. They did their share towards raising the amount required, which was eight hundred and sixty dollars. San Francisco has at all times been noted for being charitably inclined; and has always responded liberally and generously to the call of the unfortunate or any in distress, who may need her assistance. Salem Woodsworth volunteered to go after the parties in the mountains. Before he could take charge, however, he had to get a leave of absence from Captain Mervin, as he was a United States Officer. There was a carpenter named Cody, who went also, and brought a woman out of the snow on his back; but he had to pay very dear for his most humane act, as he had both his feet so badly frozen, that he lost the use of them. Everything possible was done for him. There was a collection taken up; which amounted to two

hundred dollars. Cody was discharged in this port from a French whaling vessel in June, 1846, and, although I have often tried to learn his whereabouts, I have never succeeded in doing so.

For many years the distress and suffering of emigrants, while crossing the mountains during the winter months, was fearful to contemplate. They were often overtaken by severe snow-storms, and their wagons afforded them little, if any shelter from the cold piercing winds. They were not provided with suitable clothing, and had no comforts whatever; not even a fire, and many of them endured hardships which are indescribable. The emigrants to California in early days knew well how to appreciate their new homes, and the fact that they were once more in a civilized country, among friends, strangers though they might be, who were only too willing to welcome them and make them as comfortable as possible. George Donnell was brought to the city about this time and I gave him his board and Lawyer Hastings (the Path Finder) gave him his clothes. The boy had many small presents given him in money, which he saved. George McDougal took what money he had and got some persons to contribute more to it, and bought two fifty vara lots for the boy, which afterwards proved quite valuable. The lots were on Folsom street. About this time Dr. Sample started a newspaper in Monterey, and the boy made a little by delivering papers, when they arrived in town; but it did not last long, as Dr. Sample sold out to Edward C. Kemble, who started a paper in San Francisco called the "Sun," it was not expected to last long, as Kemble was very young, and was known as "The Boy Editor;" but the paper became a great success, and from that paper came one of the largest papers now published in San Francisco, we refer to the "Alta," California, which has always been considered, one of the most reliable newspapers ever printed in this city. His associates were Lieutenant Gilbert and Hubbard, both from Stevenson's Regiment. In the early part of 1847, three ships arrived with Stevenson's Regiment; they remained in the city for a few days, and Colonel Stevenson and many of the officers stopped at the hotel. A company was left here in the city, and at the Presidio, of which Major Hardy was the Commander; Captain Folsom, Quarter Master; Edward Harrison, Custom-House Collector; and Captain Wright, Captain of the Port. There are many still living, who were in Stevenson's Regiment, who can probably relate their own experience in California much better than I could. The next important event, was the arrival of the sloop of war "Siam" and the "Columbus." There was another sloop of war in port, the

name of which I have forgotten, and besides these there were also other man of war vessels lying in harbor at the same time. During the time the vessels were lying in harbor, Governor Mason arrived at Brown's Hotel from Monterey. He was very fond of billiards, and invariably played with me from ten to eleven o'clock in the morning. Whether he lost or won he always paid a dollar; on one occasion, while we were playing billiards, the following persons met in the room: General Kearney, Commodore Bidwell, Captain Mervin, Captain Hull and Commodore Stockton. Commodore Bidwell during his stay in the city would spend an hour or so in the billiard-room every time he came ashore; but, would always leave before twelve o'clock, or prior to the arrival of any under officers, and I never knew any of them to take any refreshments, excepting Governor Mason, who took his meals regularly. Commodore Bidwell informed me that the war ship Columbus was going to leave port, and sail for the United States, and that it would be a grand sight to see her leave, being the first vessel that ever left this port direct for home; and it was a sight indeed, to see the yard-arms of all the war vessels, full of men cheering their companions, and saluting them with guns, on their leaving for home. Shortly after this all the other vessels left here, except the sloop of war "Warren." She was overhauled and being found unseaworthy, was sent to Benicia. After this it seemed very quiet here, and we settled down to an easy every-day humdrum existence, business being very dull. San Francisco, however, was a place of note; there would be at times some excitement or other to keep the place lively. A short time after the arrival of Stevenson's Regiment, another vessel arrived from Boston, called the "Vermont" with Government stores and merchandise. Robert A. Parker was the Super-Cargo. She left in a few days for Monterey, where she landed her Government stores and returned again to San Francisco, to unload her merchandise, leaving soon after on her return trip to Boston. Some of the men, who were sailors on board, left the vessel for the shore, and commenced making brick at Mission Dolores, not far from the hotel called the "Nightingale." When Robert A. Parker landed with his merchandise he rented the adobe store, belonging to Messrs. Fitch and McKinley. During the Mexican war a brig was taken as a prize under the Mexican colors. The vessel had a cargo of liquors, wines, panscha, or maple sugar and some dry goods, which were sold at auction from William M. Howard's storehouse. This building was taken between Clay and Sacramento streets, facing Montgomery, and was an adobe house. Soon after this, Captain William A. Leidsoff commenced building a large store house at high water

mark, near where Pine street now is. In front of this ware house, the first attempt at anything in the shape of a wharf was made. At high water, it was deep enough so that a common sized schooner could come along side and discharge its freight. Shortly after the completion of the wharf and warehouse, Captain Folsom rented it for the Government. I will mention here that Captain Stephen Smith on his return from Mexico, in the early part of 1846, brought with him a steam saw-mill, which he put on his land at Bodega. Captain Leidsoff was agent for all the lumber that was sawed at Smith's Mill, and John Young was Captain of Leidsoff vessel, which brought down the lumber. The first cargo was landed near the foot of Pacific street, and stored in the old Thompson Hide-House, which was built at high water mark; the land belonged to Captain Smith. All other lumber was landed at Leidsoff's wharf. When Stevenson's Regiment came they brought out a saw-mill to saw by horse power, it was put upon a place called "The Cordes Madera," belonging to Captain John Cooper, of Monterey, where now stands the State Penitentiary. The first auction held in this city, was the Mexican cargo before alluded too, and the second auction was held on Clay street by McDonald and Buchanan. It was a sale of books and took place in the year 1847. This firm held many small auction sales of dry goods and general merchandise. McDonald died at the hotel in 1848, and Buchanan afterwards left for Kentucky, his native home.

In the year 1847 the Bark Whiting arrived, which had on board as passengers the following persons: Charles Ross, and a young man, whose parents were very wealthy, and who had sent him out here to reform; but, I think it was a hard place in which to reform a young man. The captain left money with Robert A. Parker for his board, also a small sum to be given him as pocket money every week. Later on he left for Sutter's Fort, and I heard that he died at Cordeway's Ranch, now known as the city of Marysville. I have entirely forgotten the name of the young man; but, the captain told me that his father was one of the wealthiest merchants in the city of New York. On board the same ship, enroute for Oregon was a Methodist preacher by the name of Roberts, accompanied by his wife and daughter. While the vessel lay in the harbor, he often came ashore. He informed me that if it was convenient, and would be agreeable to the citizens to have him do so, he would like to hold services on Sunday. I told him he could have the use of the dining-room, and that I knew he would have a good congregation. On Sunday morning, June 1847, I posted a notice that there would

be preaching that day at the hotel. The room was filled, and the Reverend Mr. Roberts preached a good sermon, and it was the first Methodist sermon ever preached in the city of San Francisco. The congregation was not very fashionable; but deeply attentive, and well pleased with the sermon. I can say that many who were at that meeting had not been to any place of worship for ten or fifteen years previous to that occasion. One old sailor, who was greatly pleased with the sermon put a five dollar gold piece in his own hat and went around the room and collected over fifty dollars, which he gave to the minister; and with the tears in his eyes, he tapped the minister on the shoulder in a sailor like way, and exclaimed: "That was a d—m good sermon," he further showed his appreciation by inviting the minister and his family to take dinner with him the next day at the hotel. The dining-room was in the center of the house; on the other side was a billiard-room and saloon; on the other were two rooms, used for card-playing. I do not suppose another instance could be cited, where under the same roof there was preaching, drinking, card-playing and billiards all going on at the same time and hour. Those who did not wish to attend the religious services in the room had too much respect for the minister to make the least noise or disturbance. Let this much, at least be said to the credit of the early pioneers. On the next Sunday another application to preach was made by the Reverend T. M. Leavensworth, who came to California with Stevenson's Regiment. He was a minister, physician and druggist. He opened the first drug store in the city, in a small frame building on Washington street, between Montgomery and Kearny streets, on the fifty vara lot owned by William Davis.

CHAPTER IV.

I have heard and seen many times in print, reports of those who first discovered gold dust in California. In regard to the first person who discovered it, I do not wish to say, as several claimed the honor; but, I well remember who brought the first gold dust to the city. It was brought by a man belonging to Oregon, by the name of Bennett, in the month of October, 1847. Mr. Bennett arrived in the city of Yerba Buena, and came to Brown's Hotel, and inquired if he could be accommodated for a few days. He was a tall spare man, with light hair, inclined to be sandy. In conversation, he informed me that he was from Oregon, and that his business in the city was to try to find some person who had a cash capital of about one thousand dollars. I informed him that there were persons

in the house who had that amount or more. He wished me to give him an introduction, as he could make a good thing for them and himself. The next day I introduced him to George McDougal. After the introduction I was going to leave the room, when McDougal called me back, and said if there was anything to be made I should have an interest with them. Bennett then took from his pocket an old fashioned English snuff-box, about the size of a ten cent blacking-box, and observed to McDougal, that if he was willing to spend his money for the purchase of red and blue blankets, that he could obtain for him any amount of that kind of metal, (showing him at the same time what the box contained) but McDougal thought it was a put up job to get money out of him, and he informed Bennett that it would pay him better to try some one else. The next one I thought of was Major Humphries. He had been a miner for many years before he came to California. He informed me that he had worked in the Galena Mines, and had been very lucky and was well off when he arrived in California. He and Bennett had several conversations together; but I never knew what was said, as Major Humphries was a man who kept his business to himself. Two days after the introduction of Humphries to Bennett, Humphries inquired if I knew what had become of a carpenter, who was known by the name of "The devil take the hindmost one." The man's real name was Spencer, he lived with another carpenter by the name of Foster, who was a brother-in-law to a man named Nie. Humphries got these two carpenters to make him a machine, at the time they did not know for what purpose it was intended; but made it after Humphries orders; and we did not see or hear from Humphries again for many months. He then informed us that he had made the machine to use at the mines as a gold-washer, and it answered the purpose better than he expected. It was understood that the gold-washer, made by Foster and Spencer was the first ever used in this country. It was finished by the middle of November, 1847. After stopping in Yerba Buena three or four days, Bennett left for Monterey, and I did not see anything more of him until the early part of the winter of 1848. He then gave me twenty-seven pounds of dust to keep for him, and he remained at the hotel until the spring of 1849. He informed me that after he left Yerba Buena in 1847, he went to Monterey to see Thomas O. Larkin; but he was fearful that he might meet with bad treatment, as he had in Yerba Buena, so he returned to the mines. The last time I saw Bennett was early in the Fall of 1849. He had returned to the city for the purpose of taking a passage to Oregon, and from what he then told me he must have taken with him about two hundred pounds in gold dust. Some time

after his arrival at home, I received a letter, saying that all was well. He also informed me that he had made up his mind to build a large hotel, and whenever I felt tired of California to come up to Oregon and take charge of his hotel. The last account I heard from him was at the time the Indians became troublesome in that section of the country. He was appointed captain of a company, and in a battle with the Indians he was killed. Mr. Bennett was considered by his neighbors and all persons acquainted with him, as an upright, honest citizen, and was much respected. I have made mention before of Dr. Sample. There is one thing I forgot to mention in regard to him. Dr. Sample carried many valuable documents for the American Government from Monterey to Yerba Buena. On one of these trips his horse gave out, and the only one he could obtain was a small sized pony. The Doctor found out that the pony was not able to travel with any speed, and as he was much afraid it would give out and leave him to go on foot the rest of the way, he contrived a new way of using the spurs. The usual way of wearing them was on the heel of the foot; but, the Doctor fastened them on the calves of his legs, as that was the only way he could use them as he was over seven feet in height. It was late in the evening when the Doctor arrived in the city and came to the hotel, and when he called me out, I inquired how he got here. He then told me about the spurs, and said that whenever he came to heavy ground or up-hill, that he would walk without getting off his saddle, as the pony was so small he could easily walk between his legs. This incident happened during the Mexican war in 1846.

George McDougal and Benjamin Lippincott entered into partnership in the livery business, and found it to be very profitable. They shared the same room in the hotel. The room faced on the verandah, and contained a large sized window, which was easy of access from the outside. One day while the two gentlemen were at dinner, a writing-desk was taken from under the bed, containing about sixteen hundred dollars in Mexican gold coin. This robbery was not discovered until late in the evening, when McDougal went to get some money to pay out, and found the desk and money gone. Suspicion was very strong against certain parties. Every man in the city turned out to search for the money. They met a Spaniard coming from the Mission, who informed them that he had seen a man in the sand hills, (at the same time pointing to a small tree in the distance,) whom he said appeared to be very busy about something, and he afterwards saw him run towards the bay. On

going where the Spaniard directed them, they worked hard digging around in the sand for about half an hour, when Purser Whatmore found the desk containing all the money. I do not think it best to mention here the name of the person or persons who stole the money; but will merely say that in 1848 a man died in the City Hotel, and on his death-bed he confessed to the robbery; telling at the same time who his accomplices were. As we are mentioning some of the things that happened during the early days of this city, I thought it would not be out of place to mention this as the first robbery committed that was made public.

On the first of October, in 1847, I called on Captain Leidsoff to pay him five hundred dollars for the first payment of my second year's rent for the hotel. This amount was for three months in advance; but he would not accept the payment unless I would agree to pay him three thousand dollars per year. When I took the house, the verbal agreement was for five years, at the rate of two thousand dollars per year. I thought the last requirement an imposition, and so, on the 28th day of October, 1847, I closed the house. At the time I bought my furniture I thought I was paying a high price for it, and Leidsoff made me an offer to take the furniture and the house at first cost; but, I found out that I could make fifty per cent on first cost by retailing them to different parties. There were then many families in the city, and it was very difficult to obtain good furniture. The only thing I sold to Leidsoff was a cooking range, for which he paid me two hundred and fifty dollars. I bought it in the first place of Stephen Harris, who arrived here in Stevenson's Regiment, for the sum of one hundred dollars. On the last of October I took up my board and lodgings with Alfred J. Ellis, who kept a hotel, near where now stands the Old Pioneer Hall. A few days after taking up my quarters in Mr. Ellis' house, an incident occurred, which I will relate here: One night we had a very heavy rain and wind-storm, and on the side of the house there was a well twenty-three feet deep. The storm was so heavy that it was next to impossible to hear anything. Between twelve and one o'clock that night Ellis came to my room and called me, saying that there was a man in the well. People would often come to the house late at night and inquire for me, and I thought at the time Ellis called me that it was only a ruse on the part of some person to get me up, so I took my time. Another man, by the name of Griffin was called at the same time, he was also boarding in the house. When I reached the bar-room, I found that they had got the man out of the well, and it proved to be George, a ship-

carpenter, who belonged to Saucelito. Ellis gave him a couple of drinks, when George observed that the other fellow made a terrible grunting when he fell on him. There was not much notice taken of his remark, as he was a very hard drinker and was usually “two sheets in the wind” when he left town. Things went on as usual for about four days, when the water became too bad to be used for drinking purposes. It was even too bad for washing, so Ellis got some men to clean the well. When part of the water was out, a man's hair was seen floating on the water, and it was found that there was really a person there. When the man was taken from the water it proved to be a Russian sailor, belonging to a vessel which came here after wheat. There had been a large reward offered to anyone who would bring the above mentioned sailor on board the vessel, as it was supposed he had run away. When it became generally known that a dead body had been taken from the well, there was the greatest time I ever saw. Most of the citizens had been to Ellis' saloon and had drank the water. With some of them it went very hard; Captain John Patey laid in bed for two days, also Robert A. Parker, and many others were very sick.

I will mention one more incident that occurred about this time, which may be of some interest. A whale ship arrived in port having on board a sailor who had broken his leg, and as the captain did not know how to get along with him, he concluded to leave him in the city. The doctor wanted to amputate his leg; but the man objected to it, until he found it had to be done in order to save his life. The doctor's name was Fewraguard; he was a Frenchman, and was considered to be a very skillful surgeon. In the month of September, 1847, Captain Fulsom called on me to assist during the operation, previous to this I had thought I was equal to any task or emergency; especially, where nerve power was required, as I have seen men shot down, and even cut to pieces, and until this time I never realized that it was possible for me to be so tender-hearted. My part during the operation was to hold the man's arms over my shoulders, clasping his hand with both mine. When I felt the cold perspiration on his hand I fainted, and had to be taken out of the room. I never fainted before nor since. I do not think it was much over a minute from the time the operation commenced before the leg was cut off, so quickly was it done. The man remained in the city until he recovered. Captain Fulsom made up a purse for him, with which he purchased a wooden leg, and got him a

passage to the Eastern States. This was probably the first surgical operation ever performed in the city of San Francisco.

A vessel arrived here in the summer of 1846, called the "Don Quixet." She was owned by the Sandwich Island Government, and carried two guns. Commodore John Patey was in command; Southard was chief officer; and James Gleason was captain's clerk. The balance of the crew were natives of the Island. The vessel was bark rigged. On the 28th day of November, 1847, I made a bargain with a Mr. Mitchner for the purchase of a place called Yeaty, near Honolulu. I was to pay off a mortgage on the property, and give him two fifty vara lots, and two hundred dollars in cash if the title suited. On my arrival at the Islands I found the place fully as good as I expected. I then called on Mr. Bastard, a lawyer who was from Truro, Cornwall in England. He advised me to have nothing to do with the place, as I could not legally hold it without marrying a native. I had taken what money I had to the Islands, fully expecting to remain there. Shortly after my arrival I met a gentleman by the name of Post, who had been to San Francisco in '47 and was a confidential clerk of General Williams, who was keeping a wholesale dry-goods store. I told him I had something over eight thousand dollars which I should like to invest in dry-goods. He informed me that they were over-stocked in clothing, and that if I wished to lay out my money in that way, I could get goods at very low prices. I purchased of them to the amount of over eight thousand dollars, and took passage in a Spanish bark, the owner of which was named Luca, and arrived in San Francisco on the second day of January, 1848. On my arrival Robert A Parker looked at my invoices and made me an offer of one hundred per cent on first cost, he also agreed to pay all duties and freight charges. I took up with his offer. This transaction was the starting point of the building of the Parker House, where now stands the Old City Hall. After my return from the Islands, Captain Leidsoff sent for me and made me a very liberal proposition. He wanted me to take a lease of the City Hotel. When I asked Parker what he thought about taking the hotel, he said he did not wish me to have anything more to do with it, and if I was willing to put in what money I had, he would find the balance, and we would build a large hotel in partnership. Parker had a piece of land and the balance of a fifty vara lot, which we leased from Southard and James Gleason. A short time afterwards we purchased the whole of the land. We then got Stephen Harris, a carpenter, to make out a bill

of lumber, and to take charge of the building. In those days it was not such an easy thing to get lumber, although, prior to the interest in the mines, it was cheaper than it is now. Lumber was got out by what they called pit sawing, and we had about ten pits at work getting lumber out for this house. We first commenced in February, 1848. Most of the lumber was got out on the Widow Reed's place. She was a sister of Francisco Sanchez. Mrs. Reed's second husband was a man known throughout the country as "Three fingered Jack, the desperado." I might as well give right here a little of his history, as I have seen his name often in print; but have never seen anything particular concerning him. Three fingered Jack arrived in this country as a Mexican soldier. He was here when I first came to the country, and married to Widow Reed. The worst thing I knew him to do happened shortly after the hoisting of the Bear Flag; Jack and two Californians met a man in the woods who was an American, by the name of Haskell. He was murdered by the desperadoes, in the most horrible manner. No Indians could possibly contrive a more torturous death. The man murdered was without any weapons of defense, and was of a most quiet and harmless disposition. He was taken and tied to a tree, so that he could not move hand or foot, and pieces of flesh, which were cut from his body were found on the ground. Three fingered Jack murdered another man for money; but not in so barbarous a way. There were many other depredations committed by him; but none so cruel and heartless as those above mentioned. There were several citizens in the city who threatened to shoot him on sight, but he got knowledge of the fact, somehow. He then claimed the protection of the United States and it was granted him by Major Hardy, who always after sent an armed guard to accompany him whenever he wished to go anywhere. Three fingered Jack left here a short time prior to the starting of the gold mines. I heard of him afterwards as being one of a gang of desperadoes. I have always believed he was the real cause of the shooting of the twin brothers, sons of Francisco D. Haro, although the blame rested on General Fremont. At the time we undertook to build the Parker House it was no easy task as it would be now-a-days, as there were many obstacles to encounter. In the first place, everything had to be done by hand, and the greatest difficulty we found, was in keeping the pit sawyers at work, as most of them were runaway sailors, and as soon as they could obtain money they were bound to go on a spree. I will here make mention of one instance: There was a portion of the frame lumber which the carpenter wanted very much, and I had promised the men to bring them over on my next trip a barrel of whiskey. On my

arrival I found all the men down to the landing waiting for me. They had a load of lumber for me on shore. I had acquainted Parker with what I had promised the men; but, he thought it best to wait another trip, in order that they might get out the balance of the framing lumber before I took any whiskey over, and to tell them, that I had quite forgotten it. I took with me all the other articles which they had ordered, and I told them that I had on board everything they had ordered except the whiskey, and that I would bring that, without fail on my next trip; but that did not suit at all. They said they had to get that barrel of whiskey, or else I could not have one stick of the lumber. I begged very hard for the lumber, promising them that I would surely return with the whiskey on the day following; but, all of my arguments were of no avail. I had to send two men back with the boat to San Francisco for the whiskey. As soon as I sent the boat away they all turned in and loaded the scow with lumber, and it was done in quick time. On the arrival of the boat with the whiskey they all had a good time for the balance of that week, and I could get no more lumber from them for over ten days. Another person got out lumber for us at the Court of Madera, by the name of James Murphy, a brother of Santa Clara Murphy. This man we could depend on, but it was a bad place to go to, as we could not put on board a full cargo, on account of there not being enough water to float the scow.

When runaway sailors once reached the shelter of the woods they were perfectly safe, as no person dared to go after them, for if they did, they never would return alive. The scow we used was built at Saucelito for the purpose of bringing down brick from the yard near the Old Mission. Robert A. Parker was the owner of the saw, and he also had an interest in the brick-yard. We had got the lumber for the frame of the building all out, also the flooring and weather-boarding when the gold fever started; and the only thing we could then do was to pile up the frame and let things come to a standstill, as every man left for the mines. At this time carpenters wages was three dollars per day. About this time William A. Leidsoff was taken very sick, and in a few days he died, and the City Hotel was closed. I took the gold fever with the rest, got a tent made, and was fully determined to leave for the gold mines; but Parker thought I had better stop, and he would try and lease the City Hotel for one year. William D. M. Howard was administrator for the Leidsoff estate, and Parker leased the hotel for me, for one year, for two thousand dollars, to commence on the first day of

January, 1848. Up to that time I had all I could do to get the lumber over for the Parker House. It took me several days to get the City Hotel in order; but we had to open by the Fourth of July, and that Fourth was a good one. Every person had plenty of money and the Fourth was kept up for two days. On the evening of both days, there was a ball and a grand supper. I have mentioned prior to this, the place where the Declaration of Independence was first read. There was one incident happened about this time, which I will mention, as it might have been of a serious nature, in which case the pleasure of our Fourth would have been spoiled: A ship laying in the harbor by the name of "Vandelia," fired a salute, and as they wanted to make as loud a report as possible they put in a double charge of powder. On firing the last salute the discharge from the gun, in which a large quantity of oakum had been placed for wadding, struck the shutter of the City Hotel and went clear through the frame work, which was an inch and a quarter thick; also making a dent in the adobe wall. Not two minutes prior to the firing of the salute fifty persons were standing right where it struck the shutter, and it was a miracle no one was hurt. When gold dust was first brought to Yerba Buena I had no idea of what its real value was, and most people had an idea that gold dust would depreciate in value, judging from the quantity which was brought to the city; consequently, I would pay out the gold dust as fast as possible, fearing I might lose by keeping it; selling it often at the rate of ten to twelve dollars per ounce. Cash seemed to be money, but gold dust was looked at more in the light of merchandise. I have often purchased it for six dollars per ounce. In the Fall of 1847 the miners began to come to Yerba Buena for the purpose of spending the winter, and they continued to come until the latter part of December. In those days there were no towns or houses at the mines, and the only place that afforded any shelter was at Sutter's Fort, which afforded room for only a small number, however, I think I can say with safety, that there were that winter between eighty and ninety boarding and lodging at the City Hotel. At the commencement of the winter the miners would pass the time away by playing billiards; but they soon tired of that, and wished me to take the billiard-table out and turn it into a gambling saloon. They said they would pay me two hundred dollars per day; or pay five dollars an hour after six o'clock up to twelve at night; later than that, they would pay ten dollars per hour. The size of this room was thirty feet by twenty-four. I got eight tables made for this room, and before the tables were finished they were all taken. One man was so afraid he would not be able to obtain one that he gave me one hundred dollars in advance to

secure one. When it was in full blast, we found that there were not tables enough to accommodate all who wished to join in the games. I could have rented, in the same room a dozen tables; but the room was not large enough. I had three more tables made and placed them in an adjoining room. All three rooms were used for gambling purposes; such games as Monte, Faro, Rolette and others being played. Most of these tables were spoken for in advance; sometimes they were engaged by the week, and I could then have rented as many more if I had had room for them. There were two other rooms used for gambling purposes, in the back of the hotel. I remember one instance where a gambler gave five hundred dollars premium for a room with a lease on it for three months. I feel almost ashamed to put in print some of the things which happened in those early days, as they seem almost incredible, and still it is the truth.

At this time gold dust was only worth eight dollars per ounce, and the gamblers would not play for it. Those having no coin were obliged to come to the bar and sell the dust for eight dollars per ounce; and when I was short of cash I would only pay six dollars per ounce. All persons that were boarding in the hotel, also, those running bar bills, on making payments we would buy their gold dust at the rate of eight dollars per ounce. The first shipment which I made was with Captain Newell, of the schooner Honolulu, which was going to the Sandwich Islands for goods. I remember giving Newell twenty pounds of gold dust in bottles, with which to purchase goods for me, and he was to sell the balance of the dust and bring back what cash remained after purchasing the goods. The next was Captain John Young, who, later on had charge of the Alameda Quicksilver Mines. He had a charter for Mazatlan. He had only half a cargo. I gave him a gallon pickle bottle full of gold dust; just how much it weighed I could not tell. On his return I received a large amount of coin, more than the first cost of the gold dust; also, all the goods I had sent for. Commodore John Patey would take gold dust for me on every trip, and would return to me such goods as I would order from him, and the balance in money. These Captains would charge me ten per cent on all money they brought back, and also ten per cent and freight for all the goods they purchased for me.

In order to show you how easy it was in those early days to make money, I will relate here a circumstance in connection with one of my largest trades: In the latter part of the summer of 1848, a bark arrived in port, of which George Gould was the Captain, Super-Cargo and Owner. At the

time of his arrival, I went on board his vessel to see if I could purchase any bottled ale. All the liquor he had on board, of service to me, was two hundred boxes of Holland gin and sixty baskets of champagne. The Captain informed me if I would purchase his whole cargo, that he would leave within ten days for Honolulu, as he knew he could there obtain all the ale I required. I then told him if the price suited I would purchase it, and to bring me a list of the things he had on board when he came on shore, and to name the lowest prices he would take; I would then look it over and give him an answer at five o'clock the next morning. On coming ashore I spoke to Parker about it, and he thought a cargo of ale would be too much for this market, and that if I made a trade with Captain Gould he would give Gould a half cargo, and the balance he could fill up for me. The next morning, at five o'clock I went on board of Gould's vessel and informed him that I would take the whole cargo at his figures, if he would agree to fulfill his contract, to deliver me on shore English ale at six dollars per dozen. This he agreed to do. When I arrived on shore the first man I met was George McDougal, who inquired where I had been so early in the morning. I told him I had been on board George Gould's vessel, and had bought out his cargo. He made me an offer of ten thousand dollars for my morning's work. I refused the offer and he then wanted to know what I would take. I told him I would take the ten thousand, also, the boxes of gin and champagne, and would pay my own duties on them, and he could take the remainder of the cargo. He looked over the list of goods and then went on board and said it was a bargain. At this time McDougal had a store ship on the Sacramento river, and was doing a very extensive business. The cargo consisted of barrel liquors, mens' clothing, heavy boots and shoes, and many other things used by miners. In the summer of '48 we found out that Colonel Stevenson's company was going to be disbanded, and Parker thought it would be a good idea to employ all the carpenters we could obtain, and pay them twelve dollars per day. The head carpenter, Stephen Harris had gone to the mines, and we wrote him of our intention and wished him to return and again take charge of the building of the Parker House, and we would pay him twenty dollars per day for his services. We obtained some fifteen carpenters and eight laborers at the rate of eight dollars per day, with the understanding that they would remain with us for one month. In that way we could get the building under pretty good headway. The payments were to be made in coin or gold dust, at the rate of ten dollars per ounce; the balance was to be paid at the same rate. The building went along finely as we had no less than sixteen carpenters at work.

We employed all the men we could obtain. Several of the carpenters whom we employed are now living, I know of two residing in this city. The next thing we had to contend with, was to provide a sufficient number of bricklayers and plasterers, and the only ones we could obtain were Mr. Trickle and his son Fred. The father we paid twenty dollars per day, and the son sixteen dollars. Before the house was completed there was such a demand for carpenters that we had to raise the wages of the men. Stephen Harris had twenty-five dollars per day, and the balance of the men fifteen dollars per day. It would be impossible to estimate the cost of the Parker House. I had to raise about three thousand dollars every week, for labor alone. This amount was all paid from the profits of the Old City Hotel.

I am almost afraid you will hardly believe that in those days money could be made so easily, and in so short a time. In the bar-room alone, they were taking from two thousand five hundred to over three thousand dollars every day. There were also ten gambling tables, which would each pay from seventy to one hundred dollars per day. At the commencement of my taking gold dust, I thought it would be to my advantage to send it away; I did not expect it was going to bring me over twelve dollars per ounce; but, to my great surprise, I did not ship any that brought less than sixteen dollars per ounce; and often more than that amount. You can see by this, that the first cost of goods was really nothing, as my cash returns were over and above first cost. A basket of champagne wine was sold in the bar for one hundred and twenty dollars. The only thing which would buy these wines was gold coin. In that way I could purchase it for from twenty-four to thirty dollars per basket. Most merchants, in purchasing a cargo of goods, found it a very difficult task to raise the cash for the payment of duties, and I was offered a good chance to purchase such goods as I wanted, at my own figures, if I would pay for them in coin, by a gentleman, who was one of the wealthiest merchants in this city. He could not raise the cash to pay the duties on goods, which he had purchased. He sold me dust at ten dollars per ounce, and for the balance he deposited gold dust, at ten dollars per ounce; and when the time came for him to redeem the dust, he could not do so; consequently, it was sold at public auction for ten dollars and twenty-five cents per ounce. Mr. Shalabie, from the Sandwich Islands, was the purchaser. This same merchant must have had, at the same time in his possession, not less than five hundred pounds of gold dust.

I had a great advantage over most persons in obtaining coin. During the latter part of the summer, a great many persons came to the city, all of whom had coin, and we accommodated as many as we possibly could at the hotel. The only money they had was coin, and I think I may say, that one-half of the cash which was brought here by the passengers was spent in the hotel. I was well acquainted with the captains with whom I had dealings, and had full confidence in their honesty; and felt quite sure that I ran no risk in trusting them with the gold dust; the percentage, aside from the freight, was ten per cent on the cash returns, and ten per cent on the goods purchased.

CHAPTER V.

We must not neglect to mention the first fire that took place during the early days of this city. A house, by the name of "The Shades," used as a boarding and lodging saloon, caught fire one morning about two o'clock. An alarm was given, and it being the first fire that had happened in the city, it seemed as though every person was on hand, rendering all the assistance possible. A new building, some four feet distance from "The Shades," caught fire several times; but, through the perseverance of Robert A. Parker, Dave Whaling and Tom Smith, (the owner of the property), the new building, was saved: but "The Shades" was entirely destroyed. The men who were so persevering in saving the new building had their hair singed and the coats on their backs were burned. The men went so far as to cover themselves with wet blankets, cutting holes in the blankets to enable them to see, while they threw water on the burning building. When the building was out of danger three loud and hearty cheers were given for "the brave firemen." It was only a few days after the fire, when the rebuilding of "The Shades" was commenced and when completed, it was a much finer building than the one previous to the fire. In the winter of '48, most of the persons who had gone to the mines, returned to the city, and by the latter part of November there were over one hundred and sixty persons in the hotel. Bennett's house was also crowded; so much so, that the bowling alley's were used as sleeping apartments. We had to put two beds or more in a room; and, as we rented the rooms for twenty dollars per week, it made no difference to us, how many slept in them. Those who gambled, would use the beds during the day, and others would occupy them at night, so they were well taken up, night and day. I will here mention a few persons, whom you

may well say, threw their money away. One man who went by the name of Dancing Billy, would station himself on the front verandah, and dance by the hour, and would only stop long enough, to treat all, who would spend their time looking at him. I know of one instance, where he gave a man fifty dollars, to play for him one hour. Another one who was known by the name of Flaxhead. This man brought down from the mines, that winter, over twenty pounds of gold dust. He was a hard drinker; but never was known to gamble, so he found it very difficult to get rid of his dust. After the winter was over, in the month of February, 1849, he made up his mind to return to the mines. He wanted to know the amount of his bill at the Hotel. He also wished me to charge him with one box of claret wine, one box of whiskey, and to cook him provisions enough to take him to the mines; also, to pay his passage to Sacramento. After taking everything out that he was in debt for there was over six pounds of dust left. I was ordered to put that away until next morning, or he would get rid of it before he left here. He had an idea that if he left the city, with any money, he would get bad luck. The next morning he purchased a pair of boots. He gave me one to put under the counter. He then asked me for his bag of dust. He emptied the dust in the boot. He put a stick through the ears of the boot, and throwing it over his shoulder, went from the City Hotel to the Parker House (the Parker House bar was then open). He would treat all who would drink with him, and would give in pay gold dust, all your conscience would take. I had a good many talks with him in regard to his throwing away his money in such a manner; but his reply would be, that there was plenty more at the mines. In the year of 1851 I went to Monterey, on business for Middleton and Joyce, to get a deed fixed up on the Union Hotel. While E. V. Joyce and myself were walking up the street, a man called after me, and on coming up, we shook hands, and he called me by name. I told him he had the advantage of me in name. He said he was the man I used to call a fool, for putting the gold dust in the boot. He then took me to the hotel and called for the best in the house, cost what it would. He informed me that he was married, and had two children. He also said he had bought a nice home, and had thirty pounds of gold dust buried in his orchard. I will mention another circumstance which took place in the winter of 1848. Major James Savage and John Murphy were stopping at the hotel, and on one rainy day, got to talking about the things that had happened at the gold mines. John Murphy was doing an extensive business with the Indians and often would take in per day from twenty to twenty-five pounds of gold dust. Major Savage found out the extensive

trade, that was carried on, and tried to take from Murphy part of the trade; but found out he could do nothing with the Indians, and almost gave up every hope, and made up his mind to leave the camp and try his luck in some other place. John Murphy had a tin cup which he held in his left hand, while he would hold on his right hand a pair of blankets. The Indians would put gold dust in the cup until Murphy would say enough. He would move his hands up and down, like a balance beam on a pair of scales. A thought struck Major Savage that he could sell the blankets for half the amount of gold dust that Murphy got, and then it would pay him a very large profit. He got a tin cup made, with a small trap, so he could fasten the cup on his foot. When he laid on his back, the cup would be in such a position that his Indian customers could put in it their gold dust. His idea was only to take one half the amount in gold dust that Murphy took. When the first Indian came to his tent, the major thought it a good time to try his new experiment, so he lay on his back with the cup strapped to his foot, and he lifted his legs with such rapidity as to make the Indian believe that it would not take as much weight to balance the feet as it would his hands. He then put a pair of blankets on one foot lifting the other one high so the Indian could put in his gold dust, and when he thought he had about half the amount which Murphy generally took, he would tell the Indian to stop. The Indian thought it only took half as much to balance the legs as it did the arms, and in a very few days the Major got most of the Indian trade, and Murphy left that part of the country for better pasture. I will make mention of one more circumstance which happened in 1848. A person arrived here from the Sandwich Islands, by the name of Montgomery, who carried on the business of auctioneering, and he found it very profitable, as some goods that were brought here would not sell for any price, and he would often purchase them by private sale, and would lay them over until they were in demand. He would go for a month or more without liquor, but whenever he got started he knew no bounds, and would keep on a spree for one or two weeks. One time he rode up to the bar-room window (which was very large), and said he was going to ride through. I informed him that if he did so it would be a very dear ride. He then asked how much it would cost him. I made the figures rather high, thinking it would keep him from coming through. The price was \$500. The words were hardly out of my mouth, when he threw a bag of dust through the window to me, and said, “Weigh out your \$500, and take enough out for a basket of wine,” and before I could pick up the bag he and his horse was through the window into the bar-room. It would be impossible to

relate all things that happened in '48 and '49, as persons were very extravagant in their conversation regarding gold dust, and would often lead newcomers to believe that gold dust could be picked up anywhere, even in the public streets. I know of one instance where a party, after night, placed on the ground, in a spot where he would know well where to find it, some two or three ounces of gold dust. It happened to be in front of the Parker House, and he took several strangers to show them that gold could be found in the streets. Some forty or fifty persons followed him to the spot, when he took a pan of dust from the street, and on washing it out he got nearly two ounces of gold dust; this created quite an excitement among all new-comers, who went and purchased tin pans, with which to commence gold washing. One of the party was lucky; he got about twenty cents in his first pan. There were some forty or fifty who worked hard all day; but could not obtain the color of gold. It was afterwards discovered that the parties who had the tin pans for sale, and the parties who washed out the gold dust were in partnership, and they made money by selling all the tin pans they had, for two dollars each. The same can be purchased now for ten cents each. This, they called a Yankee trick.

It sounds almost incredible now, the many stories that are told of the manner in which persons would waste the gold dust in those early times; but it was the truth, nevertheless. In front of Mr. Howard's store, on Montgomery street, from the sweepings of the floor a man got over fifty dollars in one day. Another instance occurred in the City Hotel bar-room. The man who did the sweeping would save the sweepings in a barrel, until full; and on washing it out he obtained over two hundred dollars in gold dust.

In 1849, General Lane arrived on his way to Oregon, where he was appointed Governor. On his arrival, John Owens and Salem Woodsworth, who were well acquainted with him, invited him to dinner and told him to make himself at home at the hotel during his stay in the city. At this time, a club had been formed, and no persons could be elected without the consent of a majority of the members. The names of the members were as follows: William D. M. Howard, Captain Joseph Folsom, Edward Harrison, Robert A. Parker, James Layton, Salem Woodsworth, John Owens, George McDougal, Benjamin Lippincott, Mr. Stone, Sam. Haight. Dick Ciscel and William McDonald. Each day at the table there were from ten to a dozen invited guests. At this time labor

was so high and provisions so difficult to obtain, that it was impossible to board them at any price. Each week there was a new 75 president elected from the club, who found it rather an expensive business; as on taking the chair, he would always stand for the dinner and wine of that day. There was a song composed by Salem Woodsworth and James Leighton, which was always sung before meals. It commenced as follows: "There is Whiskey in the Jar, so I O Tally O, there is Whiskey in the Jar." When the Governor left, he wished the members of the club "all well," and thanked them very sincerely for the hospitality shown him during his stay among them; and said, "If he was as well received on his arrival in Oregon, he would be highly gratified." John Owens and General Lane were old friends in the Mexican war, and it was highly entertaining to hear them relate their experience.

As we have been writing of the living, I think I will now devote a short space to those who have departed and gone to their long home: In the latter part of the year 1847, Mr. Douglas Factor, in the Hudson Bay Company and Mr. David McLaughlin arrived in a brig from Oregon, for the purpose of settling up all their business in California. They had a house and four fifty vara lots, located on what are now called Montgomery, Sacramento and Clay streets. The house was occupied at that time by Mrs. Ray, (a sister of David McLaughlin), and Mr. Alexander Fobes. This property was sold to Frank Mellis and Mr. William M. D. Howard. After the settlement of their business, they removed the remains of Mr. Ray, who had been buried on their property; and in company with Mrs. Ray and family went to Oregon. The first Protestant who died in this city, that I remember, was a young man, by the name of Richardson, who was clerking for Mr. Howard. He was a native of Boston. At the time of his death there was no public burying ground; consequently, Robert A. Parker allowed him to be buried on a fifty vara lot, which he owned at North Beach. This lot was afterwards used as a public cemetery. The next person that died, was a man by the name of Adams, who boarded at the hotel. He came to this city from Valparaiso. He had arrived from the mines in the summer of 1848. He was one of the first who had gone to the mines, and he had been very lucky in regard to money; but he lost his health. At the time of his death, he had over ninety ounces of gold dust; and as Leavensworth was then Alcalda, I gave him the bag of dust, and he paid the bills of the physician and hotel keeper, and had him decently buried. The next person

that died, was a man by the name of McDonald, whose funeral and other expenses were paid by George McDougal. George had a fifty vara lot given him for this purpose. The next one, was an Englishman, from Truro, Cornwall, by the name of Bastard. He was a lawyer by profession. His effects were taken charge of by Captain Thomas, a native of the same place, and Mr. Falconor, who was then head clerk for Starkey and Janine. In the latter part of 1849, there was another death. The man was a stranger, who had neither money nor property, and when I informed Levensworth of his death, he asked me many questions in regard to the man's means; then informed me that there was no money in the treasury for the purpose of burying the poor, and that I would have to pay the funeral expenses myself. I told him he undertook to bury the rich, and I should insist on his burying the poor, as well. I called two of the stewards to bring down the dead man, and put him in Levensworth's office. When he found out that I was determined, he agreed with me, to give the man a decent burial. The man's name was Willey, he was a carpenter by trade. He came here from the Sandwich Islands, and was not able to work. In the early part of '49 I found it very difficult to get stewards or cooks, for, as fast as they could obtain money enough, they would be off for the mines. It was so difficult to keep help, that I wanted to give up the boarding department entirely. An Englishman arrived from the Sandwich Islands, who had with him twelve Chinamen, whom he could engage to work in the hotel. He made a proposition for himself and Chinamen, at the rate of twelve hundred dollars per month, for as he could speak their language, he would be able to obtain them for that amount; but, even with them, I could only make a bargain a month at a time. I think this must have been the first importation of Chinese to California. At that time I felt very much pleased that I was able to obtain Chinamen. They remained with me about three months, and they did very well and gave general satisfaction.

There are many persons who claim to have started the first brewery in this city; but Francis G. Owen is the only one who can claim that honor. He built, what would be called now a small brewery, on the corner of Pacific and Dupont streets. Mr. Owens arrived in this country in 1845. He came to Yerba Buena, and purchased a fifty vara lot, and then returned to Sutter's Fort and remained there until the early part of 1846. He came from the same town as Captain Sutter, and brought him news of his wife and family. Captain Sutter sent for his family, and they arrived in this country

in the year 1850. Owens left this country for his native place, in 1852, and I have been informed, that soon after his arrival at home he died. He built, while here, an adobe house, on a fifty vara lot, that was then called "The Points." This property was sold in '47, to Alfred J. Ellis. This was the property where the Russian sailor lost his life in the well.

The first pioneer hall in the city, was on the lot, corner of Washington and Kearny streets. It was on the second floor of the Belle Union Theatre building. The pioneers rented it from Richard Ross. The first miners bank that was started in this city, was in the early part of 1849, over a house known as "The Verandah" The proprietor of the house was Joseph Clemens, who is now a Searcher of Records in this city. At "The Verandah" there was a man employed at fifty dollars per night, who played at one time five different musical instruments. He was a complete band by himself. In '49, Dave Broderick and Fred. Kohler arrived. They carried on an assayers office, which was the first one started here. The office and works were on Clay street, opposite Portsmouth Square, in one of the wings of the City Hotel building; they also coined fifty dollar slugs and ten and five dollar pieces for the Miners' Bank, which was run by John Thompson, (who found most of the capital) Sam. Haight and Stephen Wright. They lent the money on the best of security, at the rate of ten per cent per month, and many times over that. This extravagant charge for interest usually broke all who had connection with the bank. I have known many a gambler to pay for the loan of money, as high as ten per cent interest per hour. I have loaned it myself to many at that rate. When they borrowed the money, they would have to pay the interest until the capital, with interest was left in the bar-room, and then the interest would stop. I have often read in the newspapers, about the hounds in San Francisco, but the true history, I have never seen in print. At first, the merchants of San Francisco tried every way to protect the captains and to keep the sailors from leaving the ships. The merchants raised a company of ten persons, and signed a paper, in which they promised to pay them twenty-five dollars for every runaway sailor they brought back. These men were called the Regulators. This paper was signed by Edward Harrison, W. D. M. Howard, James Layton, Captain Folsom Robert A. Parker, and many others. The only purpose for which this company was formed, was for the protection of captains of vessels, as the sailors would run away every chance they got, and the Regulators were found to be of great service, both by the shipping and city. They were not

called regulators very long, however, as they took a new name, and were known as ‘‘The Hounds.’’ Some very desperate characters joined the company, most of whom have been hung in this country for murder and other depredations, which they had committed. I will mention some of the leading characters: Captain Roberts, Jacob Powers, Tom Edwards, (who to my certain knowledge, has murdered three men in this city), a man named Curley and four others from Sydney, named Red Davis, Curley Billy, Sam Terry and Barney Ray. Soon after these men joined the company, I would see them pass the hotel very often with a quantity of clothing. In conversation with one of them, he said they had taken the clothing as confiscated goods, as the Mexicans would not pay them their share for keeping the town in good order. There were many Mexicans and other foreigners who lived in tents on Sacramento street, between Kearny and Montgomery. They complained very much of the brutal usage they received from these hounds. They would first demand money, and if they had none, they would take whatever goods they could lay their hands on. They made many complaints to the Hon. T. M. Leavensworth, who was then Alcaldia of the city. He did all he could by talking to them, to stop such proceedings, and would have punished them, if he could have had the support of the city; but he found they were too many and too strong to undertake it alone.

In the year of 1849, there was a party undertook to take charge of the city, and demanded from T. M. Leavensworth, then Alcaldia, all books and documents that belonged to the city; but Leavensworth refused to deliver them up, until there was another person elected by order of the Governor to supply his place; but Lieutenant Norton was at the head of the party, and with several men from his company, went to the Alcaldia's office and took possession of all the effects contained in the office, and removed books and documents to the school-house at Portsmouth Square; and for a short time Lieutenant Norton and Peer Lee did all the business of the office. But it was only for a few days; as the citizens demanded them to return all books and documents to Leavensworth, at the Alcaldia's office. There was one book containing a record of deeds missing, which has never been heard from, to my knowledge, at least. One evening the party with fife and drum went to Leavensworth's office with a rope, with the full intention of hanging him, if they could get hold of him. I found out by one of the party what they intended to do; and when I ascertained that their intentions were of so serious a nature, I went out of the back door of the hotel, locked the front

door, and got Leavensworth in the hotel. I then went around and asked them what was the matter. They were just in the act of bursting the door of the office open. I told them if they would come into the hotel, I would treat them all. This stopped any further disturbance; but I made Leavensworth foot the bills for all expenses.

At this time there were very few persons living in the city, and the Mexicans who were here, was so scared, that they were afraid to protect themselves. Some few days after this, the Hounds made a demand for money from the Mexicans, again; and when they would not pay them anything, they commenced shooting, and two Mexicans were badly wounded. John McDougal, who saw the transaction, called on some person, who was standing by for assistance, and he made two prisoners. The Hounds found out that McDougal meant business, so they made themselves scarce, and on the next day, a vigilance committee was formed, for the protection of the city, and all who could be found belonging to the Hounds were arrested and brought to trial before Senators' Gwin, Geary and T. M. Leavensworth. Those who were not caught left the city. Mr. McDougal was afterwards Governor of the State of California.

The Parker House was progressing rapidly, as we employed all the carpenters we could possibly get, and we had every hope of getting the offices in the front part ready for occupancy, as they were all spoken for. The doors and windows were all made and fitted, and the painter was ready to put in the window glass, when to our great surprise we found out that all the glass was too small and we could not obtain any glass in the city large enough. We were puzzled to know what to do. We first thought of making the sash over to fit the glass; but that would be a great expense; so we came to the conclusion that we would send by Captain Newell to the Islands for glass. He made a fast trip and returned to San Francisco again in thirty-six days. The first room finished, was an office for H. M. Naglee and Richard Sinton. These gentlemen carried on an exchange business and land office. The next office was for Robert A. Parker, and the other one was for Dr. Perry, who arrived here in Stevenson's Regiment, as head surgeon of the regiment. The three parties mentioned, were in the front of the house, on the first floor. On the second floor, was John Owens; in the next office, was the firm of McAllister, Turk and Libbett, who carried on the law business; next came Judge Sutterly; then Dr. Geary, who came here from Chili; in the next room was the Doctor of

the port, whose name was Rogers. He came here from the city of New York. There were several rooms on the second floor, which were occupied by transient travellers, as sleeping rooms. The third floor was used for sleeping rooms; the billiard and liquor room was on the first floor. The main difficulty we met with, was the lack of lumber, and there was no way of getting it at any price. The “Mallakadale” was expected from Santa Cruz with a cargo of lumber, for Messrs. Wright and Owen. Cross and Hobsen had bargained with them for a certain amount, as they were fixing the Old Mill House, on Clay street, for a store. When the vessel arrived, she had not half a cargo; but brought all she could possibly obtain, and I found out that my chance to get lumber were rather slim. I therefore got Parker to see Mr. Wright; and he promised that if there was any to spare, we should have it, at the rate of a dollar per foot. I learned from a carpenter, working for Mr. Cross, that there was not enough inch boards for their own use. John Owens and myself were great friends, and as he had no interest in the lumber, he thought the only way in which I could obtain it, would be to send a team down to the vessel for two thousand feet, and to cut the lumber up as fast as it arrived, and put it in the building as soon as possible, as it would then be of no value to them. I was acquainted with the captain of the vessel, and he informed me that if I sent a written order that he would deliver the lumber, as he had had no orders to the contrary. The name of the teamster who took the order was John Bibelow. I sent for two thousand feet of inch boards. When the captain of the vessel handed Mr. Wright the order, he got so out of temper with John Owens and myself, that I did not know but a war would ensue. The next morning, bright and early, he sent his bill in for two thousand feet of lumber, stolen, at one dollar per foot. The bill called for two thousand dollars, which was to be paid in gold dust. I was very willing to pay the amount required, and would have been glad to have more at the same very low figures. A short time after this, two cargoes, arrived in this city from Oregon, consisting of assorted lumber. One cargo was for Mr. William D. M. Howard; the other was sold out in small quantities to any person who wanted it. None was sold for less than fifty cents per foot. The next difficulty that assailed us in regard to the Parker House, arose through the sickness of Stephen Harris; and it was a difficult job to find any person to take charge of the building; but, as luck would have it, their arrived from Valparaiso a master carpenter, who undertook the building of Howard's warehouse; and the finishing of the Parker House. He received for his services per day, twenty dollars from Mr. Howard, and twenty dollars

from Robert A. Parker. In those days it was well worth the money, as he put things through pretty lively. He would go from one building to another several times a day, and he soon got the Parker House finished. Carpenter work in those days was very different from what it is now, as everything had to be done by hand. At the opening of the Parker House I made up my mind to have nothing to do with the boarding; so we rented that department to a man by the name of Crane. He paid his rent by boarding the barkeepers in the Parker House. He soon sold out to a person, by the name of Isaac M. Hall. I found it very difficult to keep up the boarding department in the City Hotel, and would have failed entirely had it not been for the fact that I was personally acquainted with the captains of vessels, and consequently had an opportunity of procuring from them a portion of what they had for the use of their ships. Although they were charging me enormous prices, I still considered that they were doing me a great favor by letting me have such provisions, as I really needed them and could not well do without.

By every vessel that left for Oregon I would send for such articles as butter, onions, pickled tripe, hams, bacon, eggs or anything I could obtain in the way of provisions in the Oregon market. Fresh meats, such as beef and mutton were very reasonable, much cheaper than they are now; pork was very dear. I will name the highest prices I had to pay at that time when purchasing provisions in the city: onions were one dollar per pound; potatoes, seventy five cents per pound; fresh butter, one dollar and fifty cents per pound; eggs, I once paid nine dollars a dozen for, but the common price was six dollars per dozen; for a small roasting pig, I twice paid fifteen dollars; the common price was ten dollars. An old gentleman by the name of Herman, supplied the hotel with vegetables, such as lettuce, cabbage, turnips, radishes, carrots and other small articles for the use of the table. These he brought daily; I had to pay him from fifteen to twenty dollars per day. Such articles as tea, coffee, sugar, spices, etc., were very reasonable, and there were plenty in the market. Another item of considerable expense to me, was the hiring of two hunters and a whale boat to go off up the creeks after game; they would make two trips per week, and were usually very successful. If I had been compelled to purchase in this city every thing I needed in the way of provisions for the table, I would have lost every day, at least, one hundred dollars. Had it not been for the large amount of wine that was generally consumed at the dinner-table, I could never have stood the losses made in

the boarding department. Many times it has taken over a thousand dollars worth of wine for one dinner-table; but when I obtained my provisions from Oregon it would be less by one-half than the California prices.

At the opening of the Parker House, there was a grand ball given, followed by a bountiful supper, which was free to all. In expectation of this event, I had been saving a great many delicacies, which could not be obtained except from foreign ports. The invitations were general in those days, there was no distinction as regards persons, Jack was considered as good as his master. After this event the Parker House was in full blast. There were two billiard-rooms, with two tables in each room. There were two bar-rooms. One billiard-room was in the second story, one on the first floor, and one in the cellar. There was a large amount of liquors, wines, and other things on hand, sufficient nowadays to fit out a wholesale establishment. The lower floor, called the billiard-room, was short-lived, as Mr. Parker had an offer of ten thousand dollars per month for the gambling privileges alone. In this room there were seven gambling tables: three for faro, two for monte, and one for rolette; the other was used for general purposes, and these tables made a good business for the bar. The dealer of the table would always treat all at his table, usually, every hour, and if he had a good game, oftener. There was another gambling room back of the bar, which paid three thousand five hundred dollars per month. On the second floor, there were three rooms, which rented for three thousand five hundred dollars per month. There were two other rooms hired for gambling purposes. These were private, and were only engaged for the game of poker. In these rooms the biggest bet I know of, was a one thousand dollar blind. The extravagant rents paid for the use of these rooms, will show how I was enabled to pay one dollar per foot for lumber. These monte banks generally had in coin on their tables from ten to twenty-five thousand dollars. These large amounts, were for the purpose of keeping any person from tapping their banks. The dealers would usually have no percentage on anything of that kind. I know of one person, who said they had in their bank over forty thousand dollars in gold and silver coin. In the Fall of 1849, Robert A. Parker, through his generosity in helping others, got into trouble about money matters. If he could then have obtained money at a fair rate of interest, he might have saved himself, but one misfortune followed another, until he failed entirely in business.

CHAPTER VI.

In the year of 1849, a man arrived here, by the name of Samuel Dennison, who rented from Parker a piece of land, on which he built a gambling saloon, and gave it the name of the “Dennison House.” In the latter part of '49 he sold out to Thomas Bartell, a Southerner. On the same land now stands the Union Hotel. As we have been mentioning some of the first things which happened in San Francisco, under the American Flag, I will now give an account of the first vessel burned in this harbor: One Sunday morning, an English vessel, which had arrived two days previous, loaded with coal, took fire, and the entire ship with its cargo was destroyed. At one time there was a large number of vessels in the harbor. But the gold fever raged to such an extent that it was next to impossible to keep sailors aboard the vessels, as they would almost universally run away to the mines. I remember one instance well. The captain of a Boston ship arrived here in the early part of '49. He had intended to go from here to China, but he found out that the wages of sailors would amount to more than the whole freight of the cargo would come too. The sailors in the coasting trade would receive from two hundred to two hundred and fifty dollars per month, and were very hard to get even at those figures. The above named captain obtained instructions from Boston to bring the vessel home at any cost, and when he left this port, he observed, that there was not a man on board, who did not receive double the amount in wages that he did; I think the captain's name was Avery. A gentleman arrived in the above named vessel from Boston, by the name of Stone, who brought to this country a large amount of goods and liquors. He came here principally for his health; he left here for Sacramento, but I never could find out what became of him. Before the captain left port, Mr. Parker went to the mines on business; also with the intention of finding Stone, if he could, so that he might return to Boston. After making all manner of inquiries, and learning nothing satisfactory concerning him, it was supposed he must have met with the same fate as many others, and was either murdered or made away with for his money. In the summer of '49, there was another vessel sent from here to the States, by T. M. Leavensworth. It was a very difficult task to obtain a crew. The captain's name was Jeremiah P. Wilbur. A part of the crew consisted of men who had committed various depredations, and were known as bad characters. Leavensworth gave them the choice of going to prison or shipping on board the vessel. One of the sailors was

known by the name of Scotty. He was said to be a most desperate character. The chances were that the vessel would never arrive at its destination; but contrary to the expectations of all, she made a good voyage, and reached the port in safety. Captain Wilbur returned again to California in 1852. A vessel arrived in port with a large number of emigrants in '49. All hands left the ship but the captain. Articles such as tinware, and other utensils were very scarce at that time; and every evening when the captain would come ashore, he would bring in a bag such things as he had to sell, and as he and I were "good on the trade," he never would take them anywhere else. The last night he left his vessel to come ashore, he brought the only article left, namely: a second-handed broom. He wanted a dollar for it; but, for "friendship's sake" he gave it to me for fifty cents. The above named captain is now living in the city. For many years he followed the business of stevedore, and knowing how to take care of his money, he accumulated quite a fortune. He now goes by the name of Commodore.

I have often heard it remarked. "If I had come to California in early days, I would have been worth millions." The persons who were here in early days, and those who came when gold was first discovered, were a different class of people altogether from those of the present day. Money was of little if any value to them, and they were always ready with open heart and hand to help their fellow men, especially a friend, in a most liberal manner. I will here mention a few things that happened to my certain knowledge: In the first place, as far as I was concerned myself, I never allowed any person to want for a meal, and many a time I have fed them for weeks together without pay, or even expecting to be paid. I will name one instance: A young man came here from New York, who informed me that he would give me anything he had, if I would keep him at the hotel for a few days, and give him something to do that would enable him to go to the mines and try his luck. I could see by his behavior that he was well brought up. I did not like to offer him money for fear it might be a temptation to lead him astray, so I offered him something to do that enabled him to make enough in a few days to take him out of the city. When I went to pay him for what work he had done, I informed Parker and John Owens of my intention, and they each gave me ten dollars to swell the amount. I heard of his death sometime afterwards at Stockton, and have received two letters from his mother, thanking me for my kindness; also making some inquiries as to what had

become of his effects. There were three persons residing in the city, doing a good business, whose names were as follows: John Owen, Richard Ross and Captain Robert Harly. These persons were well known by all who came here from Texas, most of whom were usually "dead broke." As soon as they could find either of the above mentioned parties, they would receive what assistance they needed. John Owens informed me that inside of ten months he had given away over six thousand dollars. I know Dick Ross must have given away that amount, if not more. Another man I knew, from Indiana, gave away thousands for charitable purposes, out of pure generosity of heart. I know of one person, belonging to Indiana, who went to the mines, where he was not at all successful. He returned to the city and applied to George McDougal for assistance. The man was pretty well along in years; Mr. McDougal gave him a slug, and told him to call again in about three days. When he came back, McDougal had bought him a cabin passage on the steamer, and also gave him five hundred dollars, so that he might go home to his family. Another of McDougal's good deeds occurred as late as the year '51: He wanted me to take a ride with him out to the race course. On passing through Kearny street, on our way to the stables, to obtain a horse and buggy, McDougal suddenly came to a full stop, and looking very attentively at a man who was laboring, repairing the street; he said to me: "I know that man's face well; I must find out, who he is," and going up to the man, he accosted him and asked him if his name was not _____, from Indiana. He said it was; McDougal told him to throw down the shovel, and come with him to the hotel. He hired a room for the man, and engaged his board. He then got him a suit of clothes at Cronin and Markley's, and gave him means to go to the mines. I will now speak of another person, who, when possessed of means, had a heart equal to half a dozen such men as you will find nowadays. No person ever asked him for a loan or any thing he had, but he would give with a good free heart. This man's name was Robert A. Parker. I will mention one circumstance that happened about this time: I was in debt to a firm, and owed a balance of three hundred and sixty dollars. As Parker was going down the street in that direction, I gave him the amount, and asked him to please call and settle it for me; it was in gold dust. I did not hear anything concerning it for about three weeks, when one day a collector for Ward and Smith, by the name of Craner, presented the bill for payment. I informed him that it had been paid already by Robert A. Parker. Thinking there must have been some mistake to whom they gave the credit for that amount, I went and called Parker into the office, and informed him in

regard to the matter. Parker smiled, and said he never thought of telling me, that there were two poor fellows whom he met on his way to the store, whose parents he had known in Boston, and being informed that that they were dead broke, and having no other money with him, except what I had given him, he gave them the loan of it instead of paying the debt. They told Parker that they got to gambling and lost all, and as they were anxious to go to the mines, Parker took this means of helping them out. After making this explanation, Parker called Crane into his office and paid the debt. The parties who received the loan were very careful never to pay it back again. I have known of this same Parker helping many persons, and he has often borrowed money of me for the purpose. I do believe if Parker had had a ship load of gold dust, any person from Boston, particularly, if they chanced to be acquainted with his father, could get all they wanted, by simply asking for it. There were many men who became wealthy through what they got out of Parker. I will mention one more person who did much good by his generosity of heart. The man's name was Jack Hays. During the time he was Sheriff, there was an execution handed him to serve. He gave it to one of his deputies, who went to serve it. He found the man in a dying condition, and the family, which consisted of a wife and five children, very needy. The deputy returned the writ to Jack, saying he could not serve it, under the circumstances. The parties for whom the money was to be collected, sent to Hays, to know if the amount had been received. The next day Hays called, not for the purpose of serving the execution; but to ascertain for himself the true state of affairs. He found things in a much worse condition than he anticipated. He put his hand in his pocket, and gave the women what money he had with him, promising to assist them farther. He then sent to the man's relief, Dr. Nelson, one of the most noted physicians then in the city. When Jack returned to his office, he told the parties to send and get their pay. He made out a receipt, and by the side of it he placed thirty dollars. He informed the parties in regard to the straightened circumstances of the family, who were without a dime in the house. The reply was, “that they could not afford to lose their money in that way.” Jack told the man to sign the receipt, and that there was the thirty dollars, which he would pay out of his own pocket; but, if he took the money, he would get the worst whipping he ever had, if it cost him a thousand dollars. The party signed the receipt in full, but was very careful not to take the money, as he thought Jack was a little more than he cared to handle. There are many other acts

of goodness and generosity which Jack did; but I cite the above, because it came under my own personal knowledge.

There is one more thing I will write about, that I suppose very few will believe to be possible, judging by the price property is valued at now. In the year of 1849, I rented to T. M. Leavensworth, two rooms in the City Hotel, facing Portsmouth Square, for two hundred and fifty dollars per month. Leavensworth paid me the first four months in cash; for three months after that, he could not pay me, as there was no money in the treasury; and the only alternative I had, was to take city property, such as fifty and one hundred vara lots in payment. I had to pay him for fifty vara lots, twelve dollars and a half; and for one hundred vara lots, twenty-five dollars. He would also charge me two dollars and a half on each lot, for recording and other expenses. For a month or so this did very well, as I got lots in that way for many of my friends; some of the property I disposed of at first cost; but I gave most of the lots away for presents. I could name many persons to whom I gave, as presents, fifty and a hundred vara lots, that would now be a little fortune.

After Jasper o'Farrell had made his survey of the city of San Francisco, in the latter part of November, 1847, the Treasury was short of cash, and it was proposed to sell some city lots by auction, to raise money to pay the debts of the city. George Hyde was then Alcaldia, and he could only dispose of a few at the city's price, namely: twelve dollars and a half for fifty vara lots, and twenty-five dollars for one hundred vara lots, also, expenses for making deeds and recording; and there were but very few they could sell even at the above named prices, so the sale was stopped. The water lots sold for much better prices, and were mostly all disposed of; excepting some that were reserved for the use of the Government. If I had taken from Leavensworth all the lots he wanted me to take in pay for rent of office, I might have had over two hundred. We often had angry words on account of his not paying cash for the rent of his office. By this you will be able to form an idea of the value of property in 1849. There were some lots from Jackson to Sacramento streets that were considered valuable. Many of the lots that I refused are now in the heart of the city, and at that time they were only banks of sand. A young man, who was Alcaldia's clerk for Judge Bryant, received a grant to a fifty vara lot on Kearny street, which, as well as I can remember, could not have been far from California street. He boarded at the hotel, and being short of money for two

weeks' board, was much obliged to me for accepting a fifty vara lot in payment for two weeks' board and lodging; he thought I had done him a great favor.

The first person that started a general bakery business, was a German, by the name of Denikie. Messrs. Rose and Reynolds arrived on the Londreser, from Napa, and brought with them to the city, very near four tons of flour. This was a larger amount than they usually carried, and it was difficult to dispose of it. What they could not sell, they left with me to sell for cash. There were nearly three tons I sold to Denikie for one dollar and sixty cents per robe. When he came to pay for the flour, he was fifty dollars short, and as I was not allowed to trust, he proposed for me to make the amount good and he would pay me in bread, and the interest was to be two loaves more on each dollars' worth. He paid me in bread all but fourteen dollars. One night he got to gambling and lost all he had. He sold out his bakery, intending to leave the city, in which case those to whom he was indebted would have had to get their pay the best way they could. I went after Denikie for the payment of the balance due me on the flour; but was perfectly satisfied as to his insolvency, and after considerable talk, he offered me for the debt a fifty vara lot on Pacific street. I offered the land to Reynolds for the balance due, but could not persuade him to accept it, and I found my only plan was to take the land or nothing. That same lot I sold in the year 1849, for six thousand dollars; and when I got the property for the debt, I thought I was being greatly imposed upon. I always had the idea that property would in some future day, be of great value; but business men, who were then dealing in land, got it on such easy terms, and at such low figures, that they all advised me to sell, whenever they could make a profit or obtain what they thought was any where near the value of the property. In the latter part of 1848, I made a bargain for a fifty vara lot on Washington street, with a small frame house, for one thousand dollars, thinking that it would become valuable. While I was down the street, for the purpose of paying for it, I met George McDougal and Mr. Parker, and on their inquiring what I intended doing with the money I had with me, I told them I was going to pay for the lot; they said I could get out of the bargain by paying two hundred dollars, forfeit money, and they urged me to do so, as I could never sell the property for the same money, and I took their advice. This same lot was sold a short time afterwards, to an Englishman, named Peabody, from Cooks Ritchen Comwell, for three thousand dollars; now it is one of the most

valuable lots in the city. Another thing which kept old Californians from holding on to property, were certain conditions, made under the Mexican law: No single individual was allowed to take out more than one fifty vara lot in his own name; but any officer, or person doing service for the Mexican Government, would be paid for their services in city property, as there was never any money in the Treasury for such purposes. William A. Leidsoff was the owner (at the time of his death), of more city property than any other person; but his administrators were swindled out of it. Many persons who left the state would give Leidsoff permission to petition for lots in their own name, and they would then sign them over to their friends, without taking any compensation, thinking that the property never would be worth over fifty or one hundred dollars. After the death of the parties who actually owned the property, those who gave them the use of their names to obtain the same, have returned to the city after the property became valuable, sued for, and recovered it. There was another point in law, under the Mexican grant. All city lots, granted to any person within one year from the date, either had to have a house on it or be fenced in. In case of failure to do this, the lot was forfeited. The most valuable lots now in the city were once sold for fifty dollars.

I have written before of Parker's generosity of heart, in helping others. He would very often get into trouble by so doing in regard to money matters; but, notwithstanding this fact, he might have got safely out, if it had not been that he had to pay such high interest on money; I helped him all I possibly could. He was then in debt to me over eighty thousand dollars, and other debts I took the responsibility of paying, namely: a mortgage on his half of the property, for thirty thousand dollars; another on Alexander G. Able; one on T. M. Leavensworth, and two others, for which Parker gave me a lease on his half of the Parker House and the Dennison House, where now stands the Union Hotel. The above facts can be seen on the records of the city. All the money I made in the City Hotel I put in the Parker House, and it was very little I got out of it. In September, '49, I made a bargain with Parker for his half of the Parker House. James Frann was employed to settle up the accounts; but Parker's half was mortgaged to such an extent, that I could do nothing with it. I gave Wright and Haight a lease of the whole concern. They were to pay ten thousand dollars per month and one-half the profits of the hotel. The business was so mixed that I got out the best way I could, George McDougal and Hart bought out my interest.

In the latter part of December, '49, the Dennison House got on fire, also the Parker House and Aldarado, and everything was destroyed. At this time mud was in the streets a foot thick, and it was a good thing. Had it not been for this fact, a good deal more property would have been burned or destroyed. On the east side of Washington street, ‘‘The Verdandah’’ and the Miners' Bank building, Smiley's hardwar store and several other buildings would also have been consumed by the fire, had it not been for the untiring exertions of Dave Broderick and Fred. Kohler, who were determined to stop the fire if possible. After a hard fight with water and mud, thrown by scoops and shovels against the buildings the fire was stopped, although they were in a blaze several times. The front part of the houses presented a very dilapidated condition, but all on the inside was perfectly safe. All I could ever learn in regard to the Parker House fire, was through the watchman, Robert Driscoll and Samuel Dennison, who built the house adjoining, which was used as a saloon and for gambling purposes. The name of the house was Dennison's Exchange. A short time prior to the fire, Dennison sold out his lease to a person by the name of Tom Bartell. A few days after he took possession of the house, a colored man, who did small jobbing around town, came to the bar and asked for a glass of whiskey. Instead of giving it to him without pay, and telling him not to call too often, as the rule was, Tom Bartell thought the best way to keep him away from his house was by abuse, and he got a club and beat the man most shamefully so that he was confined to his room for many days, and he always said he would have revenge on Tom Bartell if it cost him his life. About ten days prior to the fire, the watchman saw the colored man laying around the Dennison Exchange; also many times after. On the night of the fire he was in the Parker House, and no more notice was taken of him than any other person; but after the fire the man could not be found, and has never been seen or heard from since by any person that knew him. The general supposition was that this man was the cause of the fire, although there were no proofs. This fire was at great loss to the city at that time, as the Parker House was the only hotel of any note. There were two others in course of erection, which were soon after finished. The first one that was opened for accommodation, was the Graham House. It was a large sized, three-story building, and did for a short time, a very extensive business. This house was all ready for raising when it arrived from the Eastern States in 1849. There were some five share-owners with Mr. Graham at the head. They took the precaution to bring with them a cook, by the name of Andrew Trust, who now resides in Santa Cruz. This house was afterwards

sold to the city for a City Hall and for other purposes. The other house was the Old Hudson Bay Building, corner Clay and Montgomery streets; the property of William D. M. Howard. This house was named the United States Hotel. The next house opened for the public, was on Clay street, between Kearny and Dupont. This was started by a man named Ward, who got in trouble and the house was then leased to Colonel Bryant, who in 1850 ran against Jack Hays for sheriff. Colonel Bryant had a great run at his bar as everything was free during the election; and as he was defeated, it broke him completely up. The next Hotel was the St. Francis, on Clay and Dupont streets; at the opening, this was the best house in the city for over a year. Several hotels were on the way: the first one completed was the Union Hotel. This house was built by Messrs. Middleton, Sullivan and Joyce.

Parties residing in the city in 1848, who were thought to be persons of good judgment, whose opinion was often taken in regard to the value of city property, and who bought and sold all city lots, were: Colonel I. D. Stevenson, Samuel Haight, Purser Price, George McDougal, Purser Whatmore, Dr. Jones, Benjamin Lippencott, Robert A. Parker, Robert T. Ridley. Those that kept their property and obtained all they could were: Captain Folsom, Mr. Lick and Captain Leidsoff.

I have already made mention of two white women, who were residents of the city in the latter part of 1845. I will here give list of all the women who were residents in the city in January, 1846, they were as follows: Mrs. Davis and two daughters, Mrs. Voight and one daughter, Mrs. Fuller and daughter, Mrs. Sherback, Mrs. Hepner, Mrs. Hinkley, Mrs. Ray, Mrs. Forbes, Mrs. Howard, Mrs. Spear, Madame Barona and daughter. On the arrival of the ship Brooklyn, in July, 1846, many women came to the city, whose names I will now mention: Mrs. Cade, two married ladies, by the name of Serine, Mrs. Naramore, Mrs. Jones, Mrs. John Kittleman, Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Brannan and mother, Mrs. Henry Harris and sister, Mrs. Pell and two daughters, Mrs. King, Mrs. Griffin, Mrs. Meader and daughter, Mrs. Hager and two daughters, Mrs. Morey, Mrs. Evans, Mrs. Reed and two daughters, Mrs. Winner and two daughters, Mrs. Tom Kittleman and Miss Nutting; there were other married women, whose names I have forgotten. Most of these whose names are here mentioned, soon after their arrival, purchased fifty vara lots, and built for themselves small, but comfortable homes. Many that were too poor to buy a piece of land, were assisted by George McDougal, who

would often collect from persons around the hotel twenty-five cents each, and, would then get up a race between three very old men, of the following names: John Kittleman, Captain Kade and Mr. Noles; it would often amount to over three dollars for best men, one-half was given to the first man, and the other half divided between the other two. When the stakes were low, McDaugal would often add a dollar or two, out of his own pocket; the money McDougal would lay by for the purchase for each man of a fifty vara lot.

In the 1847 and '48, there were several other women, who arrived in the city, some by water and some overland. I will first mention those who arrived by water: Mrs. Poet and two daughters, Mrs. Dring and daughter, Mrs. Gillespie, Mrs. Harris, Mrs. Merrill and two daughters, Mrs. Russ and two daughters, Mrs. Brown and daughter, Mrs. Tittle and daughter Mrs. King, Mrs. Ellis and Mrs. Hall; most of these arrived in Stevenson's Regiment. The others who came overland, were: Mrs. Greyson, Mrs. Green, Mrs. Dougherty, Mrs Smith, her two daughters and Mrs. Lehigh and two daughters. After '48 most of the vessels arriving from the East, brought as passengers, many women, as did vessels arriving from foreign ports, particularly from Mazatlan. I write of this to show my readers that the reports which have been circulated relating to the scarcity of the female sex in early days, is entirely unfounded. Aside from the names already mentioned, I know of twenty more women, who were in the city in the years mentioned; but, whose names have entirely slipped my memory, as they were mostly from Chili and Mazatlan.

The following will show the form of passport required at this time. The bills annexed give one a good idea of what it cost to live, and the note, a fair sample of the way business was done. In each case I have maintained the original copies.

San Francisco, January 20th, 1846. BRITISH CONSULATE:—The undersigned, Consul of Her Majesty, (Britanica) for the State of California. I grant free passport to the British subject, Mr. John H. Brown, that he may remain in this place; and in its virtue may secure its naturalization papers.

I beg the authorities, to grant him every courtesy and facilities in his avocations.

Sign,

D. A. FORBES, Consul.

Yerba Buena, 1846. Received of John H. Brown, for a keg of butter, one hundred and three pounds, the sum of one hundred and thirty-five dollars.

\$135.00. B. SIMMONS.

San Francisco, April 30th, 1849. Borrowed and received of J. H. Brown, twenty-eight hundred and fifty-nine dollars and twenty cents, which I promise to pay on demand.

\$2859.20. ROBERT A. PARKER, per JAMES C. LEIGHTON.

January 6th. 1 Quarter Beef, \$8.00 20 lb Pork, 5.00 1 Robe Onions, 6.00 January 7th. 1 Quarter Beef, 8.00 \$27.00. Received payment, G. W. EGLESON & Co., By W. F. BRITTON.

San Francisco, March 17th, 1849. MR. BROWN, Bought of Wright & Owen 55 lb lard, @ 40 cts., \$22.00 Received payment, T. B. CLEMENTS, for WRIGHT & OWEN.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ANNEXED MAP.

No. 1a. Four fifty vara lots: facing Montgomery street, one hundred vara; on Clay street, one hundred vara; on Sacramento street one hundred vara. On this property was built by Jacob P. Lease, a large two-story frame building, also, an adobe ware-house. The same property was sold to the Hudson Bay Company for a store-house and private dwelling. The Hudson Bay Company sold it to Howard and Mellis; who also carried on a store. This same building in 1850 was made into a hotel, called the "United States."

No. 2a. A ship's cabin, belonging to Nathan Spear, also a house, belonging to William C. Hinckley. This was a fifty vara lot, owned by the above named. This house of Hinckley's in 1846, was used for a short time by Washington A. Bartlett, as Alcalda's office, afterwards used by Frank Ward, as a

store for general merchandise. In '48 Ward and Smith kept the same store as partners. In '47 Davis kept a store in the ship's cabin.

No. 3a. Two fifty vara lots, owned by Captain Vioght, on which was the Billiard-room and Saloon, kept by Ridley, who, in 1846, sold out to Brown. In September, 1846, Brown opened a restaurant in this building, which he bought of Ridley, he also started a regular hotel, which was the first one opened in the city. The name was the "Portsmouth House," in which afterwards a store was kept by Finley Johnson and Austin, of Baltimore.

No. 4a. Two fifty vara lots, the property of John C. Davis, on Kearny and Washington streets. A part of a fifty vara lot, on Kearny street was sold in 1846, to Dr. Powell. The balance of the property in 1849, was leased for building purposes. On the corner of Washington and Kearny streets was a gambling saloon, known as the "Verandah." Over the saloon was the first Miners' bank. On Washington street was Smiley's hardware store. The next was a liquor and gambling saloon.

No. 5a. A fifty vara lot, belonging to Pedro Sherback, with a small frame house, used for a family residence. Half of this lot was sold to Gleason and Southard; they sold to Robert A. Parker. A small piece was sold, fronting on Kearny street, to Benjamin Lippencott, who also sold it to Parker. The corner of Washington and Kearny streets was sold to the Eldorado men. The balance was sold some time after, with the frame building. On the fifty vara lot was the Eldorado, the Parker House, the Dennison House, the Jenny Lind Theatre, the Union Hotel, and, what is now known as the Old City Hall.

No. 6a. Two fifty vara lots, owned by Jack Fuller. He always claimed four. On this property were two small frame houses and an adobe bake oven. In one of these houses Captain Leidsoff kept a store. The other was used as a private dwelling.

No. 7a. One fifty vara lot, the private residence of Jesus Noe, also used as Alcaldia's office, under the Mexican Government.

No. 8a. A fifty vara lot, the property of Gustave Andrews, of Salem, Mass., a house-carpenter. The premises were used as a private dwelling. In this house Nathan Spear died.

No. 9a. A fifty vara lot, the property in '45 of the wife of George Davis, who had baked hard bread at Sutter's Fort. This land was sold the same year, to John Finch, who built, in 1845, a blacksmith's shop and liquor saloon. In 1847, he built a store for a cigar-maker, named Dougherty, who was shot in a house near Clark's wharf, in 1848,. On the same property, in 1849, was built the New Miners' Bank and the Bella Union Theatre. The Miners' Bank was afterwards used as a Custom-House; after that, by Palmer Cook & Co., as a Banking House, (after leaving the old adobe Custom-House).

No. 10a. A fifty vara lot, with a small frame building; the property in '45 of Mr. Dopkin, a German by birth, a tailor by trade. He traded his property to Andrew Hepner, for a garden and house, at Mission Dolores. Hepner left the city in 1846, for Sonoma, where he obtained a ranch as payment, for teaching music to General Vallejo's family.

No. 11a. A fifty vara lot, owned by John Cooper, (better known as "Jack the soldier") on which was a small frame house. In this house the negotiation was made in 1848 for Goat Island. Many other negotiations for other property was made here after the hoisting of the American Flag in 1848.

No. 12a. A fifty vara lot, the property of Stephen Smith, of Bodego, containing a good frame house; which was the residence of Sam Brannan for over a year. In front were four fifty vara lots; this was known as the Public Square. On this lot, in '45, there was a long adobe building. The adobe building was close to Washington street. On the other corner, facing Clay street, was a frame building. It was used as a school-house in 1847. Mr. Marston was the school teacher. This school-house was afterwards used for the court-house and for public elections, in '49, when T. M. Leavensworth was elected. In '49 it was used by Mallaka Fallon, as a place in which to keep prisoners. It was, also, used in '49 for church purposes. These houses have since been removed, but the map will show where they were originally located.

No. 13a. Four fifty vara lots, the property of John Cooper and brother, of Monterey. This property contained a small dilapidated frame house, used as the private residence of Mr. Glover, who was the right hand man of Sam Brannan, until he went to Salt Lake.

No. 14a. A fifty vara lot, with a large adobe house, the property of Captain Fisher and McKinley. In the early part of 1846, this building was occupied by Josiah Belding, now living in San Jose. The building was used as a dry goods store. At the arrival of the Mormons, in the month of July 1846, it was rented by them. In 1847, it was rented by Robert A. Parker; in 1848, it was rented by Captain Dring, an Englishman as a store, and for a family residence. It was also used for a short time, as Alcalda's office, by Washington A. Bartlett.

No 15a. A fifty vara lot, the property of Mr. Kline, a German by birth, who had a small building, a part of which was used as a work shop. Kline was a locksmith by trade; he made spurs and bridlebits for the Californians, by which he accumulated considerable money. He left California for Germany in the latter part of 1847; but, returned in 1851, and opened a gun and locksmith shop on Kearny street, near Bush.

No. 16a. A fifty vara lot, the property of John Evans, an Italian by birth. On which was a small house. in which he, himself lived.

No. 17a. A fifty vara lot, containing a small adobe house and out buildings. This property, in 1847, was used as a tannery, by an Englishman, by the name of Richard Kirby. I believe this to be the first tannery in this city.

No. 18b. A fifty vara lot, the property of Robert T. Ridley, who resided on it with his family, in the latter part of 1846. This property was sold to Captain Leidsoff, in 1847, for two thousand dollars. On this land now stands the Stevenson House.

No. 19b. A fifty vara lot, the property of Francisco Sanchez; a very small frame house, occupied in 1846 by Henry Harris and family. The former was a house-carpenter. He arrived here on the ship "Brooklyn."

No. 20b. A fifty vara lot, the property of William A. Leidsoff. The frontage of this house was one hundred and thirty-seven feet, with a wing of sixty feet at each end. The first floor of this property was finished in June, 1846, and Leidsoff commenced moving his store to his new building. The bar and billiard-rooms were opened on the 15th day of July. The upper part was not finished until March 1847. This property was known as Brown's Hotel and as the City Hotel.

No. 21b. A fifty vara lot, with a small adobe house, the whole being the property of Captain Voiget, and used as a family residence by him.

No. 22b. A fifty vara lot, the property of Mr. Bennett. This house was opened in the early part of '46. In the early part of 1847, a bowling alley was built on the same lot.

No. 23b. A fifty vara lot, containing two frame buildings on Sacramento street, finished in the early part of '48. The same year one house was leased to Hiram Grimes, afterwards used as Peachy and Billings office. I think the same building is now standing. The property belonged to William A. Leidsoff.

No. 24b. A fifty vara lot, the property of John Patey; a large adobe building. This property was finished in 1848 and occupied by Starky & Co., from the Islands. Mr. Falkner, head clerk; Mr. White, porter. After they left, one part of it was used as a gambling house, the other for the post-office. In the upper part was the court house.

No. 25c. A small frame house, the property of William Davis, where T. M. Leavensworth kept the first drug store in 1847.

No. 26c. The property of General Vallejo, and containing only adobe walls, afterwards divided into building lots, and sold at auction. Borgenes banking house was on the corner, while the

Delmonico's restaurant faced on Montgomery street, where now stands the Montgomery Bath House and Barber Shop, also, Cronon and Markley's clothing store.

No. 27c. A fifty vara lot, the property of Rose and Reynolds. On this land there was a frame store, built by Alfred J. Ellis, for Charles Ross, for the sale of general merchandise. This store was also used as a post-office.

No. 28c. The property of Dr. Townsend. No improvements.

No. 29 and 30c. Granted to two Mexicans, living in Sonoma. One lot, with adobe walls, which was fitted up in 1847 by Parker and Egleson, for a butcher shop and slaughter house.

No. 31c. Jesus Noe, better known as Lafan's building, was called the Portsmouth House, also, used for a post-office.

No. 32c. Merrimontes, a small frame building sold to Leidsoff.

No. 33. Property of William Leidsoff.

No. 34. Owned by Mrs. Montgomery. A small house was built on this property in 1847.

No. 35c. Four fifty vara lots, the property of Rose and Reynolds, a small piece of which was sold in 1847 to Mr. Hall and wife, who built a small cottage on it for a family residence. The former was a native of Bath., England, and came here from Australia, where he returned again after the gold discovery, to look after a large amount of property, which he owned there.

No. 36c. A fifty vara lot, owned by Tom Smith, the shoemaker, (who was also a sailor-catcher), and John Cousins, a butcher by trade, both Englishman, and John Aleck, a German and shoemaker by trade. This property was sold to Alexander Patterson and William Upham, in 1849.

No. 37c. This property belonged to Francis G. Owen, who built on it the first brewery.

No. 38c. The property of Edward Harrison, containing four small cottage houses.

No. 39c. The property of George Kittleman, on which a tavern, called the Rising Sun was located.

No. 40c. Owned by John Searine, who built a small house on it for the use of his family.

No. 41. A log house, built by the United States Government in the year 1846, mounted by a heavy gun, from the sloop of war Portsmouth, afterwards used for a prison.

On the vacant lot on the map between 7a and 20b a drug store was built in 1848, also a frame building by George Hyde, who was Alcalda at this time.

Robert A. Parker moved in his new store, a two-story building on Clay street, in the month of March, 1848. On the same lot, where the Old Mill House stood. In '49 Parker left and it was occupied by James Riddle, as an auctioneers's store. A man by the name of Bucklow, in 1848 built a dwelling and store on a piece of land, known as the Point. and carried on there the watch-making business. The last fifty vara lot, granted under the Mexican Government, was in favor of Francisco Gursha, a Mexican. He sold to Robert T. Ridley. The latter sold it to John C. Davis, for fifty dollars, with which to pay a debt. It was afterwards purchased by a person by the name of Knight. This lot was opposite what is now known as the Stevenson House, the largest part of which was in the water.

There were many other lots granted that were fenced in, which I have not made mention of, as they were of no importance. After the American Flag was hoisted, the town was staked off, and some lots were claimed by half a dozen persons. The water lots were sold at auction, by order of Commodore Stockton, and those having property not fenced in were allowed a further time to comply with the laws. In 1848 many buildings were underway, several were on Powell street, where Mr. Merrill owned a large boarding house, and Mr. Charles Ross a private dwelling, while George Eagleson, Mr. Jackson Greyson and many others owned property in the same part of town on Clay street, facing the Square. Mr. George Hyde had a drug store, built by Leidsoff; Dickson

and Hays had a store down on the Point, near Alfred Ellis' house. Cross and Hobson were on Clay street, on the Old Mill House lot.